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BY

BERNIE BABCOCK

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BERNIE BABCOCK

THE MARTYR

A STORY OF THE
GREAT REFORM

BY
BERNIE BABCOCK

Author of "The Daughter of a Republican"



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BEARD.



CHICAGO:
New Voice Press

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PREFACE.

To the Patriots of Our Republic:—

Greeting and congratulations: Like a great wave, quivering with sturdy heartbeats and ringing out the voice of a great united prayer in its roll, the vote for John G. Woolley struck the ear of that one political party which is carving on the annals of the new century the message of the Great Reform.

But while we say "Rejoice!", even now another and yet mightier and more far-reaching wave is in the forming; for the work of consecrated effort is not marked by the dial of a clock or the days that make political campaigns.

A million men to-day hear the distant reverberations of the coming wave and hail its breaking as the dawn of a new era; a million more men will be hearing it to-morrow.

In the dark ages the Church sold indulgences. In this enlightened age the State sells licenses; and the crimes are but different progeny of one parent act. We condemn the one; we condemn the other, but we have yet to learn that corruption in a political party can be no more reformed by a corrupt political party than corruption in the Church could be reformed by the corrupt Church.

As God is our judge and as history is our teller, there can be no reform until the heart of an animated crime is stuck, and the dagger was never yet plunged by the hand that hid the heart.

Years have been spent by men of pure hearts and noble impulses, trying to cripple the black dragon of Intemperance out of existence, but to-day his strength is a hundredfold increased as he hides and breeds under cover of a Christian Government's consent.

But an invincible force has spotted him even there, and though brewers rave and Bishops lend their respectable and far-reaching voices to the tumult, calling this force to halt, it cries: "No stop! No stay! No peace! until victory perches on the banners that blaze with the words, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, our King, the liquor traffic must die!'"

Whether this victory shall be written boldly against the page of history in a white line of Christian ballots, or whether it shall be traced in the thin red line of the martyr's blood, the unrolled scroll reveals not, but the outcome is decreed.

It has not been given me to be a general in this fight, but in my "little corner" I have pledged on the altar of the cause my truest thought, my best endeavor, and my sacred honor.

Faithfully yours,

BERNIE BABCOCK.

CHAPTER I.

"FOR IT WAS MIDNIGHT."

Across a wide and smoothly flowing river a bridge stretched, connecting the north and south sides of a thriving southern city. Upon this bridge was a man.

Midway he stood, and his form was plainly visible against the skeleton framework of the long iron structure, for it was midnight and the moon was at its full.

From his place upon the bridge the man looked out upon the river that stretched between its banks, shimmering and curling, with bars and flecks of moonlight dancing on its lazy current, until like a satin band it disappeared behind a shadowy curve.

A light tower reared its spindling height at no great distance, and the empty globes caught the light of the moon and waved a pale reflection.

Here and there upon the face of the water, a tiny sparkle bobbed, showing where a fisherman's jug was cast to mark its line of baited hooks.

Closer to the bridge the frames of two flat-bot-

tomed river boats hugged the shore, their white cabins showing against the cobble-stone landing and the lofty buildings higher up the bank, like phantom boats.

If one had been quite near the man upon the bridge his appearance might have led to the belief that he was a harmless lunatic or a convalescent.

His clothes were of the latest fashion and best material, but they were sadly rumpled and disordered. His hair was brown and his features unmarked by lines of time, but his hand trembled like an old man's, and his face was haggard.

For a short time the man stood gazing out upon the river, but he did not see the jugs, nor the empty globes, nor the phantom boats, nor the mottled, shining current. Perhaps all these made an impression, but he stood like one dreaming.

A few nights back the empty globe above his head on the bridge had been blazing with light and a million moths and beetles had circled into its flame and dropped crisp and lifeless over the bridge into the water.

A faint breeze blew down the river and a little rasping sound at his feet drew the man's attention.

It was made by the outstretched wings of a dead beetle passing over the floor, and he watched it

blow nearer and nearer the edge, and as it fell over he leaned far across the railing and looked after it, as if measuring the distance.

In this position he seemed to hesitate for a moment, then he straightened himself and presently left the bridge with a quicker step than that with which he had come upon it.

That part of the city upon which his back was turned was, properly speaking, only an annex to the town.

The round houses and shops of a great railroad centered there, with their swarms of employees, and that side was also the home of those characters, ordered by the police from the opposite side. Not that the south side was free from such resorts, but they were "regulated" so as to catch the unwary, and all irregularities not covered by a "stand in," fled before the hand of justice to the north side and took refuge in some of the many dives and holes that infested it.

The south side was made up of great retail stores, public buildings and showy marts, beyond which shaded streets led away to gardens and cottages, and shaven lawns and stately palaces.

It was toward one of these streets that the man on the bridge turned his steps just as the city bells pealed out the last quarter before one o'clock.

While he is hurrying along as best he is able in his present condition let us briefly review his past life.

To use his mother's expression regarding him, which none doubted who knew the woman, the coming into the world of this man, Theodore Wayne, had been an "accident."

This mother was one of those women who are keenly alive to the interests of society but dead to the interests of the race.

Dating from that day before his birth when she became convinced that the functions of nature were in her case not to be upset by illegitimate arts, she abandoned herself to a spirit, at times rebellious and at times melancholy.

When the child at last made his advent into the world, he was immediately turned over to the tender mercies of a nurse who bathed his head in alcohol to make it tough and fed him a weak toddy before he was two hours old.

Because it was accounted a hindrance to the performing of those obligations she owed society, and to her own personal comfort, the baby was brought up on the bottle and his nurse soon learned that, if she wished her little charge to sleep well, she had only to put a few drops of brandy into his milk. So it happened that many times while he was still

an infant this child slept the sleep of one intoxicated with strong drink.

As the child grew the amount of liquor used in his toddy grew also. On a few occasions an overdose was administered with the effect of making him sick of it, when for a few days he was cross and trying to an exasperating degree.

When he was three years old he sipped the amber liquid from the dinner glasses.

When he was five he found something in a punch bowl that had survived one of his mother's social functions, and of this he drank freely.

When found he was asleep under the table and his sleep lasted unbroken until morning.

At first his parents laughed.

Then they threatened to whip him if he got drunk, but, modeling their discipline after our civil laws, they continued to give him his little glass of wine.

After he started to school and his mind had become absorbed with other things, he did not care for wine regularly and often went without it for weeks, when he would drink, as his father said, "enough to make up for lost time."

He was an unusually bright boy and was ready for college while comparatively young.

Here he won honor and disgrace alternately—

honor for weeks at a time and then disgrace by a couple of days' debauch; but finally he finished his course and in time was graduated a lawyer.

His mother had died during his school life and his father had amassed the fortune that had absorbed his faculties to the exclusion of every paternal duty.

Theodore Wayne was an elegant, weak, nervous, handsome, good-hearted man, with a keen brain, a silvery tongue and a frail body.

He had a predisposition to melancholy, and at times life seemed only so much of a certain thing to be lived and gotten through with; money so much of a certain thing to be spent, and the real essence of manhood a dream, until he saw Emily Travik. Then the melancholy lifted; the world took on new colors and life a fresh meaning, for he loved her.

His suit was not without opposition, for from the first Colonel Travik opposed the marriage.

Colonel Travik was a conspicuous pillar in a church of great pillars, and he knew that the young man aspiring to his daughter's hand had more than once been intoxicated. Colonel Travik was unalterably opposed to the use of liquors as a rule, though his conscience allowed certain dignitaries a dispensation.

But Theodore Wayne promised the Colonel's fair daughter, with as solemn a promise as ever a man made to a woman, that he would drink no more, and she believed he would keep the promise, and he believed it himself. So they were married and for a time were very happy.

For six months he kept his promise, but the last two were one long struggle, and the struggle ended one day when he had gone out of the city on business. In a dingy bedroom of a country town hotel he drank until his head seemed on the point of bursting and his brain was on fire.

Then he dispatched a letter to his wife telling her that he had been detained and that he was not well, after which he gave himself over to his appetite and for a week lived like a beast.

After his debauch he returned to his wife, pale and haggard, and she threw her arms around his neck and cried against his shoulder because he had been ill away from home, for with all her soul she believed in him.

With her head against his heart and her arm around his neck, he made a vow another time, a mental vow, and expected to keep it.

For a few months this vow was kept, but for weeks before the end he felt his appetite, like a fierce, tenacious power, fastening itself upon him;

he felt his physical strength giving way under the strain and his will power flagging.

Again he left his office, after dispatching a note to his wife, telling her he had been summoned from the city on business; but he did not leave the city.

With feverish haste he went to a saloon near by, where he swallowed glass after glass and glass after glass of liquor; then with his brain whirling and his pulse beating madly, hardly knowing where he went, he crossed the bridge and lost himself in a resort where rooms were let and no questions asked.

Here he drank until his outraged stomach revolted at touch of the poison, then he sank into a stupor, broken only at intervals by nervous spasms and bouts of more drinking.

For days his debauch lasted, how many he knew not, until one night, pale and worn, he turned his face toward home.

As he paused on the bridge, he remembered that it was the anniversary of his wedding night. Then a quickened sense of shame took possession of him, for he remembered also that there was soon to be an event more interesting than an anniversary; and a great fear came upon him lest, while he had been away, his wife, calling in vain for him, had gone through the valley of her suffering alone.

When he at last came in sight of the house the clocks had struck the solitary hour of one.

A sense of foreboding came upon him.

He entered hurriedly and with trembling fingers fitted the latchkey.

The door swung inward to a dark, lonesome house.

He struck a match and lit a lamp on the hall table then hurried to his wife's sleeping apartment.

The door was ajar, and before he entered his eager eyes peered ahead, but the bed was in perfect order, smooth and empty.

For a moment he stood with the lamp in his hand and gazed at the white bed; then he put the lamp on the dresser, as he did so noticing a letter which had been stuck in the corner of the mirror.

With a quick jerk of his heart, he opened it and read:

"My Darling Husband:—I am so uneasy about you. I am afraid you are sick again—indeed, I am quite sure you are or you would not have left me now. I want you, O so badly. I am just writing this little note so that you will not feel entirely deserted when you come and find me gone. I am going to father's until you come. I wish

you were here now. I feel that I can always be brave when you are near me. There is something else I want to say to you, but I am tired, and if I wrote pages, it would all mean that forever and forever—in life and in death—I am yours, only yours. Good-by.

“Emily.”

Theodore Wayne held the paper in the light, and his hand trembled as he read. Then he raised the paper, pressed it against his lips, and made a move in the direction of the door, but the crowing of a cock in a neighboring yard arrested his steps.

After thinking the matter over, he determined to wait until morning and dropping wearily across the bed he fell into a troubled sleep.

When he awoke the light streamed in under the window shade and he hastily began his toilet. This was accomplished with much care, for he was naturally neat and careful in his dress and he wished this morning to hide as much as possible the marks of his debauch.

He never visited Colonel Travik and rarely met him, but the joy he anticipated in meeting his wife crowded all thoughts of his strained relations with his father-in-law from his mind.

As he entered the gate he looked toward the porch, rather expecting to see his wife smiling on

the steps and waiting for him, then, for the first time, he noticed the long black streamers that hung limp and melancholy by the door side.

The sight gave him a sudden start, and the spirit



"THE SIGHT GAVE HIM A SUDDEN START."

of foreboding that had come over him when he entered his lonely home the night before came upon him again with tenfold force.

The front door swung noiselessly to his touch and the soft carpet gave back no sound to his footsteps.

Entering the parlor, the only thing he saw was a heavily draped casket in the center of the room.

In the back parlor some persons were speaking softly, but he did not notice them nor their speaking.

With quick steps he reached the coffin side, then with pallid face and riveted eye, like a man transfixed, he gazed into its depths, for the form resting there was the form of Emily—his wife.

His breath came in gasps, and he pressed his thin what seemed a dream, he lifted the glass that rested loosely between him and her face, and leaning far into the casket, spoke her name softly in her ear.

Then he took the still, cold hand in his and made a move as if to draw it to his lips, but for very stiffness it seemed to pull away from him, as the white fingers lay like marble in his trembling grasp.

He placed his hand upon her forehead lovingly,

smoothing back her soft brown hair, and he called her name in a choked whisper, but there was no response, no blush, no smile, no word.

The pallor of earthy matter was upon her face. Her sweet mouth was set and a suspicion of sadness traced its corners.

The speakers in the adjoining room had withdrawn, and another person had entered, but Theodore Wayne had noticed neither until some one touched him.

Turning, he found himself face to face with Colonel Travik, who stood proud and calm, with an air lending the impression of forbearance with a culprit.

"You are late," he observed, glancing at the casket.

"When——"

It was impossible for Theodore Wayne to ask the question. Colonel Travik waited calmly, as if expecting the words that he knew could not be uttered.

"She died on yesterday," he said, after a painful waiting, "whispering your name with her last breath. It was hard to have her go away with her last wish ungratified, but our utmost search for you proved futile."

Colonel Travik was very fond of his daughter,

and there was something like a sob in his throat as he spoke, but it passed quickly.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"I have been ill."

Colonel Travik stepped in front of him and looked closely in his pale face.

"Have you been ill? Was it illness that kept you from the bedside of a loving, dying wife? Speak! I do not wish to judge you too harshly."

"My God! My God! If I had only known!" Theodore Wayne cried in anguish.

"I understand," said the father coldly, and with the words there came a look of contempt into his face, not altogether unnoticed by the suffering husband.

Theodore Wayne turned his face once more to the casket and after steadying his voice inquired of the child.

"It lives. It is a girl." The words were spoken in a low tone of voice, but without tenderness, and the older man added, in the same strange way, "Until you have recovered from your predisposition to this 'illness' that habitually besets you, I shall consider it my duty to act as guardian to my daughter's child."

Colonel Travik waited half a moment as if expecting a reply, then with an air of authority he

replaced the glass lid on the coffin and left the room.

Like a man staggering from a blow Theodore Wayne soon followed him and left the house.

Once in passing down the street, he thrust his hand suddenly against his heart as if to pluck out something, but his hand struck his coat and fell to his side, and yet the pain was there and with each long drawn breath he felt the sharpness of its sting. The knife was into his heart up to the hilt.

Emily Travik Wayne was laid to rest beside her mother in the family burying lot, and a fresh name was carved upon the great square base that supported the marble angel with its outspread wings.

Theodore Wayne stood beside the open grave, and the look on his face drew attention.

As the coffin slid lower and lower into the earth, an invisible spirit of despair seemed settling upon the man.

Long after the last tribute had been placed upon the mound he stood.

Colonel Travik before leaving the spot, spoke to him. The white lips of the husband moved, otherwise there was no response, and the friends dispersed.

The last person driving through the black iron

gates, looking back, saw the dark, slender figure outlined against the grave and sky.

At last he dropped on his knees and in utter helplessness gave himself up to the force of the wild pain waves that burst over him like an incoming tide. In agony he bent lower and lower into the flowers until their fragrance stifled him. He did not weep, he had no tears; he did not pray, his heart was in a whirlwind, and he could frame no words, but he made a vow, and in his pain he thought that the vow made to a warm, loving wife and broken, could be kept when whispered into her ears through six feet of earth.

CHAPTER II.

"THIS IS HELL!"

In the early days of his untimely bereavement, Theodore Wayne more nearly rose to the possibilities of his manhood than ever before.

The consciousness that his wife had died loving and trusting him, although mixed with much remorse, was a solace to him. The knowledge that Colonel Travik felt a contempt for him acted as a prod to urge him to his best, and the child was his hope. His business received his attention, and for a time all went well.

But before many months of this lonesome, new life had passed he felt his old appetite dogging him.

For weeks he battled with it as it grew.

He took fresh flowers to the grave beneath the angel's wings and spent hours there in his silent fight, but there came a day when he did not go.

There came a day when the fight had been fought and the appetite curse had again been victorious.

Blar-eyed and staggering, he went about the street saying and doing those things that no man believes himself capable of doing when he is sober.

After this first debauch he "reformed" again, but the force of his will power had somewhat lessened and a second fall soon followed.

This time, in a sad condition, he went to the home of Colonel Travik and demanded the little girl, but he was ordered from the place in a manner which, even in his condition, he partly understood and which filled him with humiliation and indignation when he became himself again.

After this he summoned all his failing will power and made a mighty effort to be the man he longed to be. For a number of months he was in a degree successful; but toward the last of the time the effort was almost too great to be borne, and the consciousness that he was certain to fall again almost drove him mad.

While in this condition he went, as was his custom to the cemetery, and this time he took with him a slender steel chain with a padlock and key. With every nerve stung to madness he hurried on with the vague notion of chaining himself under the shadow of the angel's wings, throwing the key among the flowers on his wife's grave and dying for her sake like a martyr.

Less than half way between the city and the cemetery, there was a small tract of wooded ground which had been fenced in for a park and which

was unused except for picnics. There were several houses near by, and yet it seemed isolated and its lonesomeness appealed to him, so he turned in there, taking as he did so the chain from his pocket.

Going into the shade where the trees stood close, he fastened himself to a stout little oak and tossed the key beyond his reach in front of him.

Then he gave himself up to an agony indescribable.

He had been here but a short time when the rashness of his act became apparent to his mind, and like a mad man he tugged at the chain, but he was hopelessly bound.

Then he called, repeating the cry often.

After a time, a boy came toward him, stopping now and then to look.

At sight of the boy Theodore Wayne held out his hand entreatingly.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the boy, gazing in wonderment at the spectacle of a man chained to a tree, and cautiously keeping at a distance.

"The key! The key!" shouted the captive, pointing in the direction he had thrown it.

The boy looked carefully and after some search found it, the man meantime pulling frantically at the chain and shouting, "The key! The key! This is hell!"

After he had found the key the boy was afraid to approach the man until he had in a measure become more quiet. When he did give it into his hands, the man's fingers shook and trembled so that he called upon the boy to unfasten the lock.

When the lock fell open, the man, with one eager bound, sprang away, cleared the fence and disappeared down the roadside in the direction of the city, crying as he went: "Hell! Hell! Whisky!"

The boy looked after him, then at the loose ends of the chain still swinging against the tree trunk, and again at the form of the rapidly disappearing man, while the words rang back in his ear, "This is hell! Whisky!"

Just outside the city limits there is a resort known to pedestrians and wheelmen, called the Half Way House, where was a lunch counter and a bar.

Into this place Theodore Wayne dashed, and here, in a poorly appointed room, he poured glass after glass of filthy liquor down his burning throat.

The more he drank the more the desire leaped in him until his stomach revolted as usual at its load of poison, and as fast as he poured it into his throat, just so fast it rushed back to the goblet's brim.

Here for days the almost demented man alter-

nately battled with and yielded to his appetite. At length the crisis came.

It was still early in the afternoon, but shadowy things began to show themselves and dodge about silently.

His body shook with tremors one after another.

His eyes, like balls of glass, seemed bursting from his head.

His tongue, burning like fire, he held eagerly out into the air, while his head turned wildly, watching the shadowy things.

When one came nearer than any of the others had done, he sprang from the bed and seizing a glass of liquor raised it in his trembling hand.

As he did so, a thousand fiery serpents raised their slimy necks into his face and hissed.

The glass fell to the floor, and the man leaped onto the bed with a scream and buried his face in a pillow, but the snakes that had dropped onto the floor instantly followed him, and he felt them rushing and writhing over him. At the same time a presence seemed to be filling the room.

The door was closed, but the presence crowded in around the window casings and the door frames, vague, silent, but taking a shadowy form as it sprang and showing in its shadows white, dry arms.

Then its empty eye sockets became visible and he saw that they were fixed upon him.

Gradually it came closer.

Theodore Wayne sprang to a sitting posture and clenched his forehead between his burning hands.

His veins stood out like whipcords, and he panted hard as the shadowy thing with the fleshless arms and empty sockets approached him.

Just as it was in the act of plucking out his heart with its long bony fingers, he gave a mighty bound and with a cry of terror ran wildly from the room, through the dingy bar and out, down the road toward the cemetery.

With ten thousand hissing serpents and the shadowy thing in hot pursuit, he sped onward, glancing over his shoulder from time to time, only to see them gaining on him.

As he drew nearer the grove in which he had chained himself, his pursuers seemed to fall back, but just as he passed the spot a great number of vultures with iron talons suddenly lifted themselves from some dead thing, and with a swoop, roosted in the tree to which he had been fastened, and each one looked at him with empty eyes.

For a moment he halted.

Nothing was discernible behind him.

A sudden stillness had come upon the earth, which seemed receding from him. He was not walking now nor running; he was not riding, but

onward close to the ground he moved rapidly.

He had only one thought, and that was to get to his wife's grave.

Each step he took seemed to carry him miles farther from anywhere or any human being.

The stillness was oppressive.

The earth had turned dead.

Stretching away on every side were infinite seas and seas of flowers, but they were all dead, brittle and brown, and over them was a dull green light cast by a dead sun.

Where the dull green light met the shadowy horizon across the seas of dead flowers, something darker than a shadow flitted and fanned like summer lightning.

Every onward move took him miles farther into the heart of death, as he sped onward to the grave where the angel stood under the cedar tree.

After what seemed ages of flight, the scene suddenly changed. The roadway had turned into a narrow path between the lowlands and swamps, and the dull green light could not penetrate the thickets here. Dead boughs locked and interlocked overhead and the trunks of burnt trees stood like sentinels, while a leaden fog hung low and the smell of long corruption burdened the air.

Not a breath stirred, not a sound came from the

gloomy depths, but wherever there was an opening between the trunks, somewhere beyond it all could be seen the waving and fanning of the great black darkness, and the man knew that it was Death and screamed as he sped on.

After what seemed ages more of haunted travel, when the man fleeing for his life expected to be grasped by a ghoul each moment, he came to an open space.

Here it was the cemetery had always been, but it had entirely disappeared. A low, rolling hill covered with dead grass and perforated with many pits, stretched before him, and the green light hung so low and heavy that the man thought he should have to creep between it and the earth.

While entering this place he heard from the lowlands a swish and the clank of iron talons, and he knew that the vultures were coming, so he leaped rather than climbed the hill while the hiss of snakes reached his ear from every passing pit, as if the bowels of the earth were filled with them.

Dead trees stood on the crest of the hill, and beyond the ground sloped abruptly to a flat, indented with black spots showing where pools had been.

Down this hillside in wild confusion he found the cemetery.

Fences were sideways, tombstones were uprooted,

graves were open and bits of broken caskets were scattered here and there.

There was an absolute silence. Everything was dead.

The green light from the dead sun cast an unearthly pallor over the scene, and though no sight nor sound gave evidence of it, the man knew that Death lurked somewhere near.

After what seemed ages more of search he saw the angel's wings.

As if running to a safe retreat, he hurried beneath their shadow, but the sight that met him froze the mad blood in his veins.

His wife's grave stood open from top to bottom.

The coffin had been burst, and her body lay on the damp hillside, broken into a score of pieces; there the head, there an arm, yonder a knee—and while he looked, the fragments, as if instinct with life, fitted themselves together and his wife stood before him, loving and smiling.

With a wild laugh of joy he rushed toward her, but just as he was in the act of taking her in his arms he heard the swish of the vultures' wings, he heard the clang of their iron talons, and with a laugh like the laugh of fiends they swarmed between him and his love.

Then his wife cast a reproachful look at him and

slid back into the coffin which dropped immediately into the open grave.

The mound formed, the blue grass rustled over it, and the vultures turned their sightless sockets upon him in triumph.

With a great cry he sank by the side of the mound and buried his face in the grass, but immediately every blade of grass became a hissing serpent and darted at him, and then from every direction they came, and turning about to escape he ran upon Death, who thrust his bony hand against him.

He turned to the angel for protection, but the angel frowned upon him, and the scroll in her up-raised arm had turned into a sword full of fiery eyes, each eye piercing his soul in condemnation.

Then Death closed in, and the swishing, clanging vultures swarmed upon him, and beneath their weight he fell with a mighty scream against the square base of the monument.

Here the sexton found him a few moments later bathed in blood from a deep cut across his face.

A scarlet splotch on the white marble near the angel's foot told what had caused it.

When Theodore Wayne came to himself again he found that he was lying on a bed in a hospital.

When he inquired where he was, he was told by a woman in a white cap that he must not talk.

When he raised his hand to his face to examine the strange bandages, it was placed at once by his side by the firm hand of the woman and he was told that he had been hurt and must "keep quiet."

After this attack of delirium tremens, Theodore Wayne found himself more wretched in every way than he had ever before been. The cut on his face healed, but the scar was there and attracted more or less attention wherever he went.

Life seemed to lie before him, one vast stretch of miserable dreariness, and he determined to leave the city and start anew in some distant place; but before doing this he longed to see the child, now near the age of three years.

Since the time he had been ordered from the home of his father-in-law, Theodore Wayne had not seen his girl, save as he saw her occasionally in the park with her nurse.

He had no intention of going to the house again, and so watched for an opportunity somewhere else. This came one day, when, as he sat on a bench in the park, he saw Colonel Travik's nurse coming toward him wheeling the child in a cart.

She was accompanied by a man, and eagerly, Wayne spoke to the child as she drew near. The nurse seeing that he was interested in her charge was only too glad to be rid of her for a short time

while she engaged in a bit of important conversation with the man.

Taking his child from the cart, the unhappy father lifted her to his knees and pressed her to his heart.

She was a fair child, with dark hair and eyes and a proud little mouth. She looked very much like her mother.

He held her at arm's length and after looking steadily in her face for a short time, again hugged her to his heart. Then he took off his hat and standing the child on the bench beside him he placed her soft hand against his forehead. The child moved her hand back and forth a moment, and as she did so hot tears rolled down his cheeks.

Under the touch of the little hand memories that could never die stirred, and once again he felt the touch of the hand under the grass.

The child was watching him.

"What makes you cry?" she asked presently.

"I'm lonesome for a little girl just like you."

The child looked at him curiously.

"What is your name?" he inquired.

"Em'ly—my name's Em'ly."

"Emily—yes, I knew it."

Again the child looked into his face as if very much puzzled.

"I knew your mother," he said, by way of explanation. "Her name was Emily."

"Gran'pa loved my mamma—did you?"

Something came suddenly into the man's throat that for a moment made an answer impossible, but he choked it down and in a low voice said, "Yes, and she loved me."

"She did!"

It was an exclamation of surprise, and the child again looked intensely into his face.

"Where is your mother?"

The child shook back her pretty curls, and a row of pearly teeth showed as she tipped her head and pointed above.

"My mamma's there."

"Where is your papa?"

"My papa is a grandpa."

Theodore Wayne caught his breath hard a few times, then he gathered the dark-haired child in his arms and whispered hoarsely:

"I am your father."

She drew back and looked at him. Then her red lips took on a pout.

"You are not!" she said, decidedly.

"Why not?"

"You are too ugly! See here!" and she placed the tip of her finger against the scar on his face.

Then he knew why the child had gazed so intently at his face. He had forgotten the scar, but the touch of the child's finger went like a shock to his soul.

She objected to the scar now. If she were older she would object to the cause of the scar.

The child asked him several questions which he did not hear and then made a move as if to get down from his knee.

"I am going far away. Will you say 'Good-by, papa,' and kiss me?"

"My papa is a grandpa," the child again said with emphasis.

"All right," he said with a sigh. "Will you kiss me?"

The child hesitated a moment as if debating the question, then she raised the corner of her cloak and holding it across the scar kissed him several times, looking at him in a wondering way.

Then he gave her a piece of money, and after handing her to the nurse left the park.

CHAPTER III.

"HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE."

On the streets of a western mining city, one evening in early fall, a man walked.

He did not seem to be going anywhere, looking for any one, nor to have any interest in anything about him.

He walked aimlessly and slowly like an old man, and, when he passed in front of a lighted window, a scar and lines cut deep by dissipation showed upon his face.

This man was Theodore Wayne.

Years had passed since he had left his native home, and every year had but added to his burden. Like a derelict's, his course led, ever nearing the great end for which he longed and yet which he feared.

After kissing his child "good-by" on that long ago morning in the park, he had turned away, determined to reform in some distant city.

For the first few months after the change, he did well, but as his reform was built on the same old base, its end was predestinated.

At last, he did what he had said he would never do, he entered an institution for the treatment of alcoholism with faith in their warrant of his cure.

For a longer time than usual after leaving this place, he left liquor untouched and attended to his business.

Hope arose. His shattered manhood began to come together, and he dreamed of the time when he might go to his daughter in the full stature of a man.

But about this time, the governor of the state gave a banquet, and among the honored guests was Theodore Wayne.

When the toasts were drunk, out of respect to his host, he responded, and before morning, the foundations of his new manhood were demolished by floods of liquor, and once more he was a wreck.

He appealed to the institution, but was turned away with the consolation that his case was hopeless.

From this time on, he struggled no more. His will power had been taxed to death; his manhood was a dream.

In the intervening years, his father had died, leaving to his son whose welfare he had so sadly neglected in his youth, a handsome fortune.

Knowing this son as he did, he took the precaution to arrange matters so that his income was paid on the installment plan. This made it improbable that he would ever suffer want.

As he walked, a shudder passed over him now and then. He had been drinking, and the unmistakable symptoms of another visitation of his dread disease crept upon him.

On a corner, at no great distance from him, a crowd had congregated, and the voice of a woman singing, struck his ear.

He hesitated a second. The song that came in snatches was something about a mother and a boy. He did not try to catch the words. Recollections of his mother brought no tender thoughts, and the music was an irritation. He despised emotional religion.

Straying around a corner, he was soon out of hearing of it, and he intended going into the nearest saloon and, without farther struggle, giving himself into the hands of the appetite that was rising within him like a storm. Yet he was afraid, and though the appetite lashed with fury and cut and stung, he faltered, and the perspiration stood cold on his forehead, for he knew what it meant to fall again; he knew that his life would surely go out

in a fierce fight sometime and already he was very weak.

After turning several more corners, the sound of singing again came to him.

Clearer and fainter, and clearer and fainter, it rose and fell, until suddenly, as a door opened near him, it burst out in full chorus:

“He is a - - ble to deliver thee,
He is a - - ble——”

Then the door shut.

Theodore Wayne stopped and mentally repeated the words that sounded in his ear.

From time to time, persons went in, and each time the door was opened the song floated out.

After hesitating a few moments, Theodore Wayne stepped close to the door and, when the next man went in, he followed.

The same woman he had seen on the street a short time before was speaking.

“There are so many tired souls, tired, tired. Tired of life and fearful of death. Tired of themselves—so tired. Do you want rest? O my sister, my brother—listen! ‘Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’ Do you doubt it? Sing the chorus again.”

And at a downward stroke of the little Bible she held in her hand, the words rolled out:

He is able to deliver thee,
He is able to deliver thee;
Though by sin oppressed,
Come to Him for rest;
Our God is able to deliver thee.

Theodore Wayne fastened his gaze upon the calm face of the earnest woman.

When she had finished, others spoke briefly. One of these was a man with a strange accent. He was unlettered and unfashionable, but he had a glowing face and a joyful ring in his voice.

To this man Theodore Wayne turned his attention.

Gradually he straightened himself in his seat, and when the short testimony had been given, the man's dress and ignorance had been forgotten, and the man in broadcloth saw in him a brother, for he had told of struggles such as no man knows save he who has passed through them.

Once more hope sprang suddenly up in his heart with such force that he wondered and breathed softly lest he should frighten it.

It was then a touch startled him and a soft voice close to his ear said:

"Are you saved?"

Turning, he looked into the face of the woman who had come up behind him.

She knew before she asked him what his answer would be, so it made no matter that he did not answer her immediately.

"Do you wish to be saved?"



"SAY IT ALOUD, IT WILL HELP YOU,"
THE WOMAN SUGGESTED.

Again he looked into her face, and after a moment replied fiercely: "My God! Yes."

The woman smiled and said: "He is able to deliver thee."

"I do not understand it."

"You do not have to understand. He is your Father—you are his child; trust him."

"But I have been for——" and he stopped as if counting the years.

"The paralytic lay for thirty-four years."

"But you do not know. I am a—a hopeless drunkard."

"So was the brother yonder", and she nodded in the direction of the German who was singing lustily.

Theodore Wayne mused a short time, knitting and unknitting his fingers nervously. Then he turned to the woman eagerly:

"What must I do to be saved?"

The woman laughed a low, joyful laugh.

"No man asks that who is not half saved already."

"But what must I do?" he again questioned.

"Do you mind doing as I ask you?" she said, glancing at his costly dress.

"I mind nothing."

"Come, then," she said, touching his arm, and

when she saw that he would follow, she led the way toward the front of the room where she dropped beside a bench on her knees. Mechanically, he did as others were doing. He knelt beside the woman and with a groan buried his face in his hands.

For a short time there was silence. Then, while some one on the opposite side of the room prayed, the woman talked softly to him.

After this the German lifted his voice in prayer, and a hush fell over the congregation, for it was as if he spoke to God face to face.

Theodore Wayne felt himself lifted from his surroundings by some mighty cable cord of longing, and he trembled, for it seemed that his soul in a balance swung out over eternity, while a brother pleaded for yet a little more mercy.

As soon as the prayer ended, the people with one accord took up the refrain:

Just as I am without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee.
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.

Over and over they sang it, softly and reverently
In the breast of the man kneeling on the dusty floor, there was a conflict so fierce that it seemed,

at times, as though his physical body would burst into a thousand fragments under the strain.

His old remorseless enemy of appetite in hot fury tortured him, but some powerful, uprising force had advanced to meet it, and within the man these forces measured arms, while in his soul he cried: "Lord have mercy upon me a sinner"; for well he knew that the supremest moment of his life was upon him.

"Say it aloud, it will help you," the woman with the little Bible suggested, and like a child he repeated the words of the song. A second time, with tears in his eyes and clasped hands, he said the words, "O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

As he spoke, he caught for an instant the vision of a thorn-crowned face, a pair of eyes looked deep into his soul in a way that no mortal eyes have power to look, and the raging battle ceased.

Over the place, sore and torn with conflict, there came a flood of that peace that passeth human understanding and the glory of it lit his scarred face.

"Something has happened," he said, turning to the woman.

"Bless the Lord!" she cried, "I have seen it before."

The next night after his conversion, Theodore

Wayne went again to the mission and told something of his life and of his happy experience of the previous evening.

At first he was not sure that he could tell it as he wished it to be heard, but with the effort, the power came.

The tongue that had so often been thick and unruly, took on again its tones of running silver. His long lost force returned two-fold. The softness that had won a woman's heart came again to help in wooing other hearts, and over it all a pathos seemed to hang, like a gentle, haunting spirit breathing of the past.

As he spoke, men, visaged like animals, leaned forward, and, while they listened, the animal mask fell off.

Women, dogged and sullen, lifted their eyes and fastened them upon him while like barbed shafts his words pierced their sin-bound souls.

As these people, many of them, had suffered, so he had suffered; as they had hoped and fallen and despaired, so he had done, and as he by the grace of God had been made a new man, so might they.

With the fervor of a brother and the tenderness of a mother he pleaded, until tears coursed over many callous cheeks, and dead hopes rose again in many throbbing breasts.

Before he had dreamed of such a thing, many interested persons foresaw in him a power as a public speaker.

When he was at first approached on the subject, the idea was repugnant to him, as he felt himself the least fitted of all men for a public life, but finally becoming convinced that his life work lay in this direction, he consented.

Before he started on his new and untried career, Theodore Wayne joined one of the most glorious of all the church denominations in Christendom, and with its hearty approval launched out to do battle for souls that were being sent to their eternal doom by the thousand at the hands of the traffic in drink.

The first method of work that suggested itself to his mind was the cultivation of sentiment.

To this end he entered a community that presented the sorry and disgusting spectacle of a fairly self-respecting people, writhing in the coils of the traffic, blinded by political trickery and groaning at the fate of their sons, as they sank into moral and physical corruption.

With the ardor of a man of his faith and temperament, he threw himself into his work and after the manner of the fervid "sentiment former", he cultivated sentiment.

But he discovered, after a season of hard work, that the more he cultivated sentiment, the less of practical value was accomplished and the greater the increase of the saloon.

Then he studied other methods in the art of "controlling the liquor traffic."

Local option he found a good thing, as far as it went, but "too local and too optional."

Next he studied "government control," and after that the popular and pernicious policy of high license.

Both of these he found abominable in principle and ineffective in practice.

After a disheartening study of regulations that would not regulate and restrictions that would not restrict, he concluded that the solution of the problem must come through a heart to heart effort with the individual.

To this end he turned his attention, and his efforts were welcomed heartily by the church, and great crowds heard him wherever he went.

Men were moved to tears by his pleadings, and human wrecks by the score signed the pledge and reformed.

Theodore Wayne rejoiced at the results of his work, but his rejoicing was but for a short time, for, on looking back, his soul was made sick.

Nine-tenths of those who reformed **fell** again, and the bitter truth was borne into his mind that, while he was taxing himself to the utmost to raise one fallen man, **the** saloon was with ease creating a **hundred** to take his place.

Men took his advice and voted for the lesser of two evils, and were rewarded by seeing the very men they had elected appoint brewers and distillers in high places, consort with liquor dealers and bend their knees to the traffic on every possible occasion.

Great truths evolve slowly, the one sure consolation being that, as God lives, they are forever at work.

When Theodore Wayne grasped the sorry truth that regulation does not regulate and restriction does not restrict when applied to the liquor traffic, and when he had thoroughly mastered the problem of "ratio" as it relates to the making and saving of drunkards, he hardly knew which way to turn for a solution, and dissatisfied with himself and disgusted with the results of his various efforts, he attended the general conference of his church.

It was at this conference that the matchless phrase, "It can never be legalized without sin" was coined. It rang out over Christendom like a trumpet blast, and Theodore Wayne was thrilled with a sense of victorious joy, and he said: "The church

is right. IT CAN NEVER BE LEGALIZED WITHOUT SIN, therefore, it MUST BE PROHIBITED BY LAW."

Then with the courage of his convictions he determined to champion the one remaining policy of dealing with the liquor traffic.

The truth had been dawning on his mind for many months, and when the voice of the church thundered forth her magnificent convictions his heart leapt.

But before he burned the bridges and proclaimed his new allegiance, he spent a night on his knees; not that it was hard for him to give up a political alliance, but because the life work he had chosen was dearer to him than the apple of his eye, and he did not wish to block its progress by a hasty act or a radical movement.

The infinite truth was stamped upon his soul that expediency is for a day, but God's eternal right is for the everlasting ages.

After this night on his knees, he arose in the stillness of the morning twice free.

A commander in the front line of battle is a target, and Theodore Wayne took rank as a commander after his first hearing.

Whereas he had formerly cultivated sentiment, he now cultivated ballots, and straight way, the enemy bristled.

Their shafts came in torrents, and he expected this; but with their missiles came a shower from the rear, and, looking back, he beheld with consternation, the church, bishops and all, on safe ground, flying their immortal flag and calling him—back.

Steadily, shot for shot, and shot for shot, the deadly hail came from enemy and friend, and, as it mixed above his head and fell over him, he could not detect one from the other, for both used the same ammunition and the bullets whistled as they flew, “Cultivate sentiment”, “Be expedient”, “Prohibition does not prohibit”.

Then between the firing lines of the bishops and the brewers, by the grace of God he took his stand, content to act his little part upon the scaffold with Truth rather than to sit with ecclesiastical and political potentates upon a throne, and from that day forth, Theodore Wayne walked among men as a “martyr-elect.”

CHAPTER IV.

"MY PERCY!"

The spacious southern home of Colonel Travik was in readiness for his granddaughter's first New Year's reception.

The florist had made his last visit, and under the supervision of the artistic Miss Emily, not a palm nor a rose was missing to make the effect perfect.

Even the elegant cut-glass punch bowl glowed like a diamond on its velvet mat and seemed waiting for someone to admire it.

This punch bowl had been the cause of some discussion.

When Emily first broached the subject of serving punch, her grandfather had held up his hands in horror and had carefully explained to her that he belonged to, indeed was one of the chief supporting pillars in, a church which teaches that the "buying, selling, or using of intoxicating liquors as a beverage," is of misleading moral tendency, and disobedient to the order and discipline of the church.

"But grandpa," she said, "punch is not liquor."

"What was that Aunt Lily used to say about

'drinkin ob de debbil's broth and eatin ob de debbil?' " the Colonel inquired.

"But, grandpa, a reception without punch—why, who ever heard of such a thing? I should be ashamed to see an account of it in the papers unless it said: 'The punch bowl was gracefully presided over by Miss —— and Miss ——.'"

"Wouldn't you be ashamed to have the bishop read the account of it if it did mention the punch bowl? He will be our guest in a few days, you remember."

"Yes, yes, I know; but, grandpa, the bishop was the guest of the President not long ago, and everybody knows that he not only tolerates punch, but habitually serves strong liquors at his table, doesn't he grandpa?"

"I believe he does."

"Well, grandpa, didn't a number of your church bishops and other ecclesiastical shining lights make a brilliant set of resolutions not long since, commending the acts of the President and saying every thing nice of him?"

"At the recent missionary meeting—yes."

"Well, grandpa, isn't the bishop who is to be our guest a very close personal friend of our President? Doesn't he know of all these things?"

"I presume he does."

"Well, grandpa, didn't you read a letter in some paper last night from this bishop in which he said the President was in his opinion a pure and noble Christian?"

"Yes, I did, but what are you trying to get at?"

"I am just trying to find out whether or not your church has pets and privileged characters. I believe the President is right myself. It is nobody's business what he chooses to serve or drink, but if he can do these things without in any way altering his relation to the church that says he should not, cannot you too?"

"Why—I suppose so."

"Well, then, grandpa, be good. We must, for Percy's sake make this reception something extra, and he would miss the punch bowl because you know it is proper to have it."

Colonel Travik weighed the matter a moment, then said reflectively: "Well, go on with your punch bowl arrangements. Circumstances alter cases. It would be unwise to offer punch to certain strata of society, perhaps, but our guests happily know the propriety of being temperate. Only don't make it too strong, the bishop might not understand; he is a godly man."

The slender, dark-haired girl broke into a merry laugh at her grandfather's evident reluctance.

"Send the bishop to me," she said, "I will enlighten his understanding by referring him to our President who sings devoutly and is never absent from his seat in church. Hurrah for the punch bowl!"

The occasion of this especial reception was the home coming of a company from the seat of war in the Philippine Islands.

Percy Travik, Emily's uncle and Colonel Travik's only living child, and Lieutenant Winter, a warm friend, were among the returning.

Percy was not more than eight years older than Emily and had been to her more like her own brother than her mother's. Having never known the affection of either a father or a mother, Percy had a large place in her heart, and **she** loved him dearly.

Lieutenant Winter was, perhaps, three years older than Percy. The two had been school companions, college friends and war time comrades. Just what place this manly **young** soldier had in Emily's heart no one had inquired, and she had not been heard to say, but her thoughts were with him very often, and it was for him, in truth, more than for Percy that she wished to appear at her best on their home coming.

When Colonel Travik saw his son marching away with the boys in blue, his heart swelled with pride, for in the broad shouldered, fair faced youth he thought he saw a hero. He kept close watch of the meager battle news that was allowed to appear in print, expecting to see notice of some deed of daring or mighty exploit in which his son had figured prominently, but he never saw it.

On the other hand, the letters that at first came regularly, came later at broken intervals, and there was something about them that seemed unlike the boy; the frankness of his nature was undergoing some kind of a change, slow and subtle, but apparent to the father's keen perception.

Once, after a longer time than usual had elapsed between letters Colonel Travik had received a communication from Lieutenant Winter, in which he spoke of Percy as being a little "under the weather" and which hinted vaguely that all was not right.

When the company at last reached home, after a long and tiresome journey, the bands played a joyful welcome, while small boys cheered and their fathers asked a multitude of questions.

After the first demonstrations were over, the soldiers, with but few exceptions, swarmed into the saloons that the city boasted; where they stayed until the money was spent that had escaped the four hundred saloons in Manila.

It was the evening before the Travik reception that the company arrived home.

Colonel Travik and Emily were so delighted to have Percy once more at home that they did not let him out of their sight the first evening.

As weeks and months make time, Percy's absence had not been very long, and yet the separation seemed to have strangely altered him.

His round, fair face had taken on more flesh and color, but it was rather something he had lost than anything he had gained that marked the change.

Colonel Travik spoke of this change to Lieutenant Winter, who also spent his first evening home with them, but Winter was silent on the subject, until Percy had retired, excusing himself on account of a headache.

When the Colonel mentioned it again, a troubled look came over the face of the young soldier.

"To be frank with you, Colonel Travik, Percy has formed some bad habits while he has been away."

"What habits?"

"Percy, I am sorry to say, drinks some."

"H'm, I'm sorry to hear it, but it cannot be anything serious. Percy has by inheritance I hope a first-class moral backbone."

"A man in the Philippines must have a 'moral backbone' of cast iron if he would escape degener-

ating into a beast. The plan for such a course of evolution has been arranged to perfection by our government."

Colonel Travik looked annoyed.

"I hope you do not consider Percy in that state of evolution," he said.

"Perhaps my words were not wisely chosen," said the Lieutenant, "excuse me, but Percy has been in the guard house more than once."

"My Percy!"

Our Percy, yes sir. I have tried to use my friendly influence to keep him from the trouble he has been in; I even went so far as to offer to sign a pledge with him, but it was no use. What is the friendly influence of one man, or a hundred, worth in the face of hundreds of saloons and all the regimental beer a man can hold?"

Colonel Travik was thoughtful a moment.

"Too much restraint is unwise. Perhaps he had done better if you had tried less to manage him. You know Percy—he resents interference."

"Yes, I know Percy, and there are ten thousand like him in our army. Boys, young, with their characters unformed, far away from restraint of every kind. Why, I want to know, must hundreds of saloons be thrust in the way of these men when the territory is under martial law? It is an outrage!

Why should the army canteen be tolerated for one moment by a Christian or even a civilized government? Why is a traffic that eats the morals of a nation like a running cancer, casting its corruption on the mercy of society, allowed to exist any how? I am not talking for temperance and I do not call myself a Christian, but I have seen the sure damnation of it all. I have seen! Believe me, Colonel Travik, I have seen!" and the soldier brought his fist down on the table.

"It does seem a pity, indeed it is a shame that the saloon has got a foothold among a people we hope to Christianize, but I really don't see how it's to be helped. As to Percy, I trust, indeed I am inclined to believe that he will come out all right. I am sorry that his record has been marred by his indiscretion, but most young men sow wild oats. He was a good boy before he went away, and now that he is home again, he will be all right."

"I hope so," but a certain tone in Lieutenant Winters' voice implied a doubt. "I only told you of this that you might be on your guard, so to speak; I am Percy's friend and yours, Colonel Travik, and Miss Emily's, and no man knows better than I what a stain would mean to the honorable name of this most honorable family."

"Thank you, and forgive a father for believing that worry is unnecessary in this case."

Then Colonel Travik smiled blandly and Percy's name was mentioned no more that evening.

The next afternoon, when Lieutenant Winter was ushered into the parlor, he was treated to two surprises.

The first was Emily.

Since her babyhood he had known her, and though he had seen her the evening before, Lieutenant Winter was quite surprised at her appearance as she stood, like a queen, with her glossy hair piled high and her smooth neck and arms showing through the gauze that draped her.

Thinking of Percy and her friend, she had taken extra care in her toilet for the evening, and in the first glance he cast upon her, she knew that the effect she had studied was as she desired.

The second surprise was that punch was being served in the house.

Emily carelessly mentioned this to him, and was surprised to note the change that came over his face in an instant.

"Does punch make you sick?" she asked playfully.

He looked at her a moment without smiling.

"How could you have punch after what I told you about Percy?"

"But punch is not liquor. Everybody drinks punch

—everybody, and you must drink some, too. There can be no harm in it.”

“Destinies have hung on things less powerful and less treacherous than a bowl of punch. I am sorry, but I shall be obliged to decline your hospitality,” and there was in his voice the same tone that Emily had noticed the evening before when he spoke of Percy.

“You decline! Then you must tell me why.”

“Early impressions sometimes cut grooves that years cannot efface. When I was a boy, I saw a man in the veritable throes of torment. He was chained to a tree and was screaming ‘Hell! Whisky!’ Since then I have seen abundant proof that in his maniacal cry he spoke more bitter truth than madness.”

“How horrible! But then you are no such creature as he was. You are a soldier. A soldier is afraid of nothing. Do try my lovely punch. You know the ethics of manners.”

“Why is it I wonder that people talk so much of the ethics of manners and so little of the ethics of morals. I have few convictions, and what I have are not brilliant, but such as they are I propose to stand by them. A soldier—a sober soldier would tell you that in marching over an extremely perilous road, the safest passage way would be that farthest from the precipice.”

"Go, then," she said "and keep Percy from the edge of that punch bowl, or I fear he will fall in. He haunts it," and she laughed a merry laugh, but as Lieutenant Winter turned away he felt the weight of a disappointment fall upon him. The one girl that he had long been most interested in was, to the utmost of her ability, conforming herself to the hollow forms of society and between this conformation and the transformation to the noble womanhood that he had hoped to see, there lay the difference of the opposites.

Quite early in the afternoon Percy began to act strangely.

His usual elegant manners were many times forgotten and he made himself conspicuous by being silly.

Lieutenant Winter was generally somewhere near him, and several times spoke to him, which only seemed to quicken his recklessness.

Finally the Lieutenant called Colonel Travik's attention to his son's conduct, when Percy in answer to his father's cautions requested to be let alone; said he "meant no harm," "knew how to act," "when to drink punch and when to let it alone," wanted no one "spying on him" and no suggestions made.

But after a time, Percy's conduct became so rude and noticeable that Colonel Travik found it neces-

sary to suggest to the young man that he retire from the company. Percy, however, had no notion of having his personal liberty interfered with, and flatly refused to do this, and after some uncivil remarks to his father, he lost his temper, and, with an oath, seized his hat, and in full dress, hurried down the street.

It was not the work of many minutes to reach a saloon, where he took two drinks of something stronger than punch. The addition of this to the supply already on hand increased his merriment. His blood raced hot and soon he was swinging his coat about his head, cheering for the President, the administration, the "fair sex" and the "cocktails" he had just swallowed, like any other drunken soldier.

Acting thus, he left the saloon for a little walk upon the public street, but his stroll came to an untimely end. Turning a corner suddenly, he ran with full force against two ladies, one of whom fell against a telephone pole, the other upon the pavement, while Percy, tripping his toe, sat down upon her.

When she screamed a policeman came, and almost before he knew it Percy was on his way to the lockup.

But the young man was dressed in broadcloth, and there is a difference between broadcloth and

blue jeans. So his father was notified in the early evening of his son's trouble, and, lest the escapade should come to the attention of newspapers or bishops, he hurried to the rescue.

With her heart beating wildly with shame, Emily waited for their return, and hot tears filled her eyes at the rude tone in which Percy spoke to her and the unkind way in which he pushed her aside.

Percy did not want to go home, but in the hands of his father, he acquiesced, and was at last domiciled in his own room, where it was supposed he would stay.

But neither Emily nor her grandfather knew how his short service in the army of a Christian nation had demoralized a once good boy.

CHAPTER V.

"JUST AS IF HE WERE SOME COMMON
SOLDIER."

The Traviks breakfasted late the morning after the reception, but even then Percy did not put in an appearance.

"Poor Percy!" Emily said. "He has been roughing it so long he is completely tired out. I think I will carry a nice little breakfast to him, it will seem like old times," and, suiting the action to the word, she arranged a dainty tray and started with it to his room.

When she arrived outside his door she stopped and listened. All was quiet within, so quiet that she imagined she heard him breathing, and she hesitated, but finally knocked.

There was no answer.

Again she knocked, this time a little louder.

Still there was no answer.

Then she turned the knob and pushed the door. It swung open and she stepped in with a smile, but the smile was short.

The room was empty. There was a slight depression on one side the bed, and Percy's dress suit

hung carelessly across the back of a chair, otherwise there was nothing to tell that he had been in the room.

She placed the tray on a table, and stood gazing at the bed and the suit, as if expecting them to speak. Then she went to the wardrobe, and upon examination found that his uniform was gone.

Wherever he was he had gone in the garb of a soldier.

She felt it useless to look, still she did look in every conceivable place large enough for a man to hide, but it was a vain search. Percy was not there.

Leaving the steaming breakfast, she hurried back to the dining room to tell her grandfather.

He looked up from the coffee which he had been slowly sipping.

"What ails the boy?" he questioned.

"He is not there."

"What?"

"Percy has gone."

"Gone? Where?"

"I do not know, grandpa. He is not there. He was not in the bed at all last night and his uniform is gone."

Colonel Travik rose from the table and hastened to Percy's room, closely followed by Emily.

He found it as she had said. Percy was not there.

"Strange!" he exclaimed. "What in the name of common sense has gotten into the boy? Percy was in no condition to go out. Well, perhaps, he will come in all right shortly. If he does not I will go out and look him up, or he may get us all into trouble. Come, little girl."

They descended the stairs slowly, and a second time seated themselves at the breakfast table, and though neither spoke each knew the other's thoughts by the slow precision with which the cakes were cut and the coffee stirred.

While they were still sitting at the table, the door bell rang.

Emily started to her feet, but her grandfather bade her stay, saying that it was Percy—he would go.

The voice that answered her grandfather's when he opened the door was a man's voice, but it was not Percy's.

Emily tried to catch the conversation, but it was low spoken and the stranger was doing most of the talking, yet from a word dropped now and then she knew that it was of Percy they talked.

After what seemed to her a very great while the conversation stopped and the door closed. Yet her grandfather did not come.

Emily could wait no longer, and stepping into the

hall, she found Colonel Travik close to the door, standing like a man in a dream.

"What is it, grandpa? Tell me!" she cried, going quickly to his side. "Is Percy sick? Has he been hurt? What is the matter with Percy?"

"If this report be true—it is worse than all of this; if the report be true, Percy is—is—Percy has—" Colonel Travik looked into Emily's face and stopped.

"Has what, grandpa? Do tell me."

"Has killed a man."

Emily turned her face to her grandfather's with a look of horror.

"Percy killed a man? Our Percy? It is not true! I do not care who says it, grandpa—it is not true!"

"Come," said Colonel Travik, taking her by the arm and leading the way into the dining room.

A third time they sat down beside the table, this time they did not so much as see what was spread upon it.

For a few moments they sat in absolute silence.

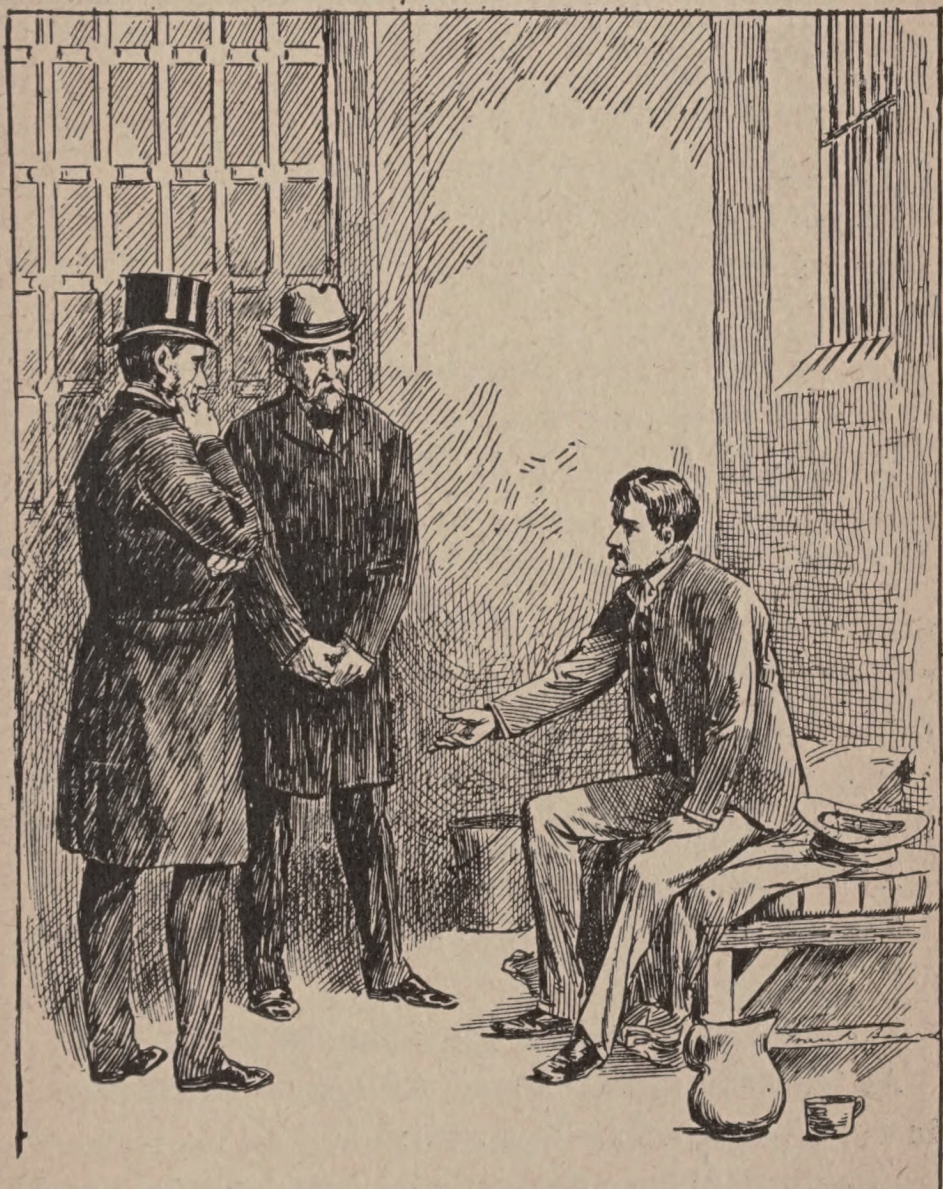
The ticking of the mantel clock sounded loud and measured, and their own breathing seemed to send vibrations of impending calamity from one to the other across the still air.

"Where is Percy?" Emily at length ventured.

"In jail."

"Our Percy? Our Percy in jail?"

"Such is the information by an officer who is supposed to know."



"I FIND MYSELF IN THE PLACE OF
THE EFFECT; SOMEWHERE UP THE
LINE THE CAUSE EXISTS"

"But, grandpa—it's a mistake—a horrible mistake!"

"I am afraid it is all too true. In fact, Emily, Percy IS in jail."

The flush left the girl's cheeks and she turned her eyes fixedly upon her grandfather's face.

At this juncture a servant entered and placed a copy of the early morning newspaper at Colonel Travik's elbow.

He looked at it a moment as if in apprehension, then nervously took it up and unfolded it.

At the first glance his hand trembled and he raised the paper so as to screen his face.

Emily's quick eye saw this, and her heart gave a great throb of anxiety, for she was one of that large class of people who think a sin is twice a sin if it gets into print.

She watched her grandfather closely. She saw that he hurriedly read, and then still held the paper.

At last looking up he met Emily's eye.

"Do you want to look at it?"

"Yes."

She held out her hand, and he gave it to her.

At the head of the second column on the first page in bold, black letters she read:

"Fatal stabbing affray! At a late hour last night in a resort in the rear of Bush's saloon! Percy

Travik, son of Colonel Travik, widely known in political and religious circles, the murderer. Victim taken charge by the undertaker. Murderer in jail. A yellow haired woman the cause of the trouble."

Then followed an account of the tragedy in all its sickening details.

Long before she had reached the end, Emily dropped the paper with a sharp cry.

"Grandpa, grandpa! It cannot be true! Our Percy could not do this! It reads just as if he were some common soldier. It is not true! O Percy!" and dropping her head on the table she burst into a flood of tears.

Colonel Travik watched her. Perhaps his thoughts went back to the days of misery when she was born. Perhaps he saw once more the husband of the fair young woman in the coffin; perhaps he entered somewhat into the anguish of that husband whom he had so harshly treated. Perhaps it dawned upon his mind for the first time that there is no blood so noble, no name so honored, no love so sacred that it can escape the ravages of the traffic in rum.

"Don't cry," he presently said in a low voice. "It is of no use. God knows it is awful, but there may be extenuating circumstances. The papers send the ugliest version out, but what can it mean? Percy was a good boy."

Emily was still sobbing when he arose.

He stood as if undecided a moment, then slowly turned toward the door.

Just as he was going out, Emily turned her tear-stained face: "Are you going to Percy?" she questioned brokenly.

"Yes." The answer was short and thick, and after it he abruptly left the room.

Emily buried her face in her hands again and cried like a child, and as she sobbed there alone she thought of Lieutenant Winter. She wondered what he would say. She wished that he would come, for he had always been her good friend; and yet for the first time in her life she dreaded to meet him, for the words that he had spoken to her about the punch bowl sounded plainly in her ears.

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After Percy had been in jail a few days, the bishop, according to expectations, came to the home of Colonel Travik, to be a guest for a short time.

The bishop was a large hearted man, with a kind word and a warm hand grasp for as many as chanced to come his way.

For years he had been the friend of Colonel Travik. Many plans had they talked over together for the prosperity of the church and for the perpetuation of their political party.

Percy had always been something of a favorite with the bishop.

Long before he enjoyed the dignity of his high title, he had baptized the little Percy, and on all his numerous visits to the boy's father he never forgot to have a little talk or sport with the lad.

On his journey, before he reached the city of his destination, he had read a full account of the murder. As it had seemed to Emily that this man could not be Percy, so it seemed to the bishop, and a sharp pang went into his heart for the boy and the family.

Because of the publicity given it, as well as for the crime itself, the disgraceful affair nearly stunned Colonel Travik at first. But he soon rallied. He had money and position. He was a pillar in the church militant and chairman of the state central committee of the political party triumphant. He would carry himself accordingly.

When the bishop met his friend, he rested one hand on the broadcloth shoulder of the Colonel, and expressed his heartfelt sympathy, his utter surprise and his hope that the crime would ultimately result "in some inscrutable way" in "the boy's blessing and God's glory."

Later, Colonel Travik took the bishop with him to call upon Percy.

Colonel Travik had some misgivings about this step, as the young criminal was on the defensive and a surly type at that, but trusting to the tact, which he had never known to fail the bishop, he went with the hope that the visit would be pleasant and really do Percy some good.

The change that had taken place in Percy since he had been in the service of his country was the source of continual wonder to both his father and Emily and was noticed immediately by the bishop.

Once inside the narrow cell he took the boy's hand and held it warmly.

"I am glad to see you," he said heartily, looking into his face.

"Yes," said Percy indifferently.

"Yes, I am, my boy. I am—but I am surprised and pained to find you here. How was it?" and he spoke very kindly.

"I got a little too full, I suppose, and in trying to defend my honor I overdid the thing; that's all. I had no grudge against the fellow that I cut, only that he was a fool and no good. I was just a little too full and my honor was at stake. You don't hold a fellow responsible for an act committed when drunk, do you?" and he looked rather defiantly into the bishop's face.

Colonel Travik was very much annoyed. The Percy

that had gone away had been a gentleman, but the manners of this Percy were shocking.

As the bishop looked into the changed face of the boy of whom he had been so fond, a perceptible shade of sorrow passed over his face.

"I could not justly hold that act a sin committed by a man when he knew nothing of it, but it is apparent that there is sin of the blackest kind involved. Your sin, my boy, was in drinking."

"Is it a sin to drink intoxicating liquors?"

"In this day and age of the world it most surely is a sin."

"Is it?" Percy repeated sharply.

"Certainly it is. It cannot be otherwise."

"Then why is the temptation to sin placed in the way of those who are as certain to fall into it as they are to breathe?"

"Satan is ever active. The drink traffic is his mightiest ally. God's way is the only safe way. A man should shun the wine cup as he values his life—nay his immortal soul."

"Why do you let Satan's pitfalls exist?" asked Percy pointedly.

"My dear boy, I do not let them exist. I would give my right arm, today, if by so doing I could rid our country of the saloon with its blighting, damning influences."

"You say you would, and our commander-in-chief sings fervently, and——"

"The bishop looked up quickly and interrupted Percy by saying:

"Our President, my boy, is one of the best of men. He is in no way to blame for the liquor traffic. I doubt not he would crush it tomorrow if it were in his power."

Percy looked steadily at the bishop a few minutes, then burst into a hollow, sarcastic laugh.

"The President can't keep saloons from Manila? The President can't stop the sale of canteen beer tomorrow? You have a bishop's heart but a common soldier has a better head. From the gayest colonel to the stupidest private, not a man in Manila but knows the power of the commander-in-chief of the army in territory under martial law. Not a man in Manila but knows that the President drinks when he pleases, where he pleases and as much as he pleases. They have adopted his method as theirs. The street cars are hung thick with posters advertising liquor; the air is heavy with its odor; it is everywhere in sight, and a man cannot walk a block without running into it. If it is a sin for me to drink is it a sin for the commander-in-chief of the army to drink, or is it not?"

The bishop looked with fairly well concealed

amazement on the young man and secretly wondered at the hardness of his heart.

Colonel Travik's indignation swelled at his son's insulting words, and a hot remonstrance rose to his lips, but remembering his ill success the day of the reception, he choked it back.

"Certainly, it is a sin. It is a sin to drink," and the bishop spoke firmly.

"It's a sin. Aha! Then why do you pious folks keep insisting that it is not a sin? And this you do by declaring that the chiefest sinner in the bunch of army sinners is one of the purest and best of men."

After looking at Percy long enough to become satisfied in his own mind that he was still in possession of his senses, the bishop sighed deeply.

"It is useless to enter into a discussion. I am sorry for you, my boy. I would like to help you. Is there nothing I can do?"

"Nothing."

"I shall remember you in my prayers."

Again Percy laughed that hollow, sarcastic laugh.

"Thank you," he said. "But I assure you that your prayers for ten thousand privates will be useless as long as you protect the example of a drinking commander-in-chief with your influence."

"But you do not understand, my boy."

"No! No!" said Percy, impatiently, "I do not

understand. I find myself in the place of the effect. Somewhere up the line the cause exists. If it has been whitewashed until it is not discernible, all right. It is there, just the same. No; I do not understand. I do not want to."

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Returning to the handsome home of Colonel Travik, the bishop entered the library, and while waiting for his friend to join him looked over some current magazines.

Carelessly turning the leaves, he stopped suddenly, and a frown came across his brow. The heading of an advertisement, in bold black print, just such as had been used to announce to the world Percy's crime, caught his eye.

Just then Colonel Travik entered the room and the bishop read aloud as follow: "At Manila. When two hundred and nineteen carloads of beer were shipped to Manila, the world wondered. What industry was this that shipped its products by mile and a half trains to that remote spot? Yet that enterprise has been repeated a hundred times over."

The bishop put the book down and said gravely: "Is it to be wondered that our boys come home to us as Percy has come?"

Then he placed the tips of his index fingers together in a point, and resting his hands on his

bosom he looked up and said fervently: "My God, my God! How much longer must this curse go on?"

After an impressive silence the bishop and the pillar in the church sat down to a solution of the problem, and to one of ordinary mental capacity their method was beyond comprehension, for they spent the entire evening in devising plans whereby the electoral vote of the state might be secured for the re-election of one whose administration stood secure for the advancement and protection of the liquor traffic.

CHAPTER VI.

"DON'T LET HIM GIT ME."

On the south side of the river in that portion of the city where Emily Travik's father had indulged in a prolonged debauch at the time of her birth, was a den, well known to certain members of the state central committee. This particular den, throughout the years, had survived the march of progress, but it was hidden from view by three high buildings that faced three different streets and it was connected with the outside world by a narrow alley.

Once inside this place it seemed to expand and stretch out like the segments of a worm, each portion being an apartment, one opening into the other and the outlet of all through the saloon.

On one side of this dive was an open space enclosed by a rickety stable on one side, that sheltered mules at night and gave out odors, and on the other sides by tall fences.

This den was an important center, a ganglion of the body politic, and was well situated for the shady character of the work it accomplished.

It was low and dark. Boards made a portion

of the floor while the rest was bare earth pressed hard by the tramping of many feet. The bar was on the side with the board floor, and ranged against the wall on the other side were rows of barrels, some empty, more full.

Measuring cups stood under the faucets and the air was heavy with the mingled odor of rank whisky and stable refuse.

Perhaps at some remote time the keeper of this dive had been called by the name of Smith or Jones, but none of his patrons, either of the ordinary or of the political kind, called him anything but "Pinlegs."

Pinlegs was a dwarf from his head down, and it was from the appearance of his lower limbs that his name came. His head was large and egg-shaped, the large part dipping in the rear giving one unacquainted with him the impression that it might at any moment pull him down.

This head was covered with a growth of wiry red hair that stuck out in every direction like the unnumbered feelers of some unknown sea urchin. His eyes were of a dim uncertain color, the whites being stained with patches like weak tobacco juice. His nose was thin and pointed, and by a certain appearance hinted that it was created solely for catarrhal purposes, but as this nose was strictly a

private institution no person saw fit to suggest the use of a handkerchief. His mouth corresponded in size with his head, having a tendency in the same direction, and it was fitted with a double row of snags. Between his upper lip and his nose a small brick-tinted moustache with the same inquisitive turn to the hairs noticeable on his head, rose and fell rapidly as he used his lip to mop down the particles of tobacco that stranded in the snags.

His neck stood smartly out from a blue gingham shirt three sizes too large and collarless.

His feet were of no mean dimensions, and the tendency he had of running his shoes over at the heels made the dimensions look meaner than they were. His hands were red across the knuckles and grimy at the ends, but it was his finger nails that were the pride and consolation of his whole anatomy. These were a quarter of an inch long and like the talons of a hawk in toughness. Being small of stature, he could hardly hope to preserve order at all times in his dive without some weapon of defense, and he found these nails as effective as they were novel.

Many a poor wretch had awakened from a drunken slumber to find himself sleeping with the mules and to wonder at the sudden and peculiar soreness that had come upon his neck.

There were some other striking peculiarities about the personality of this dive keeper that made him greatly to be desired as a political ally, and that made him admired as well as feared by his patrons; and lest his nature should develop and show itself in an unpleasant manner, let the reader withhold harsh judgment, remembering that he was a man of "good moral character." His motives may be misconstrued, and his actions may seem to contradict this statement, yet he has the statement in black and white, signed and sealed by the government, and he who disputes the government's judgment or authority is a "sower of strife and a stirrer up of sedition."

On the evening when Colonel Travik and his distinguished guest, the bishop, in a library filled with religious journals and hymn books, with their elbows all but resting on a massive morocco Bible, sat down to solve certain perplexing political problems, Pinlegs also sat down on an empty beer keg to study certain knotty political questions; and strange as it may seem, the problems of the three were the same and the results hoped for by the three schemers were identical.

Pinlegs was not ignorant of the existence of the bishop, neither was the bishop ignorant of the existence of the dive keeper, though it must be

stated in the bishop's behalf that he had not been made acquainted with the dive keeper's plans of action. Pinlegs did not deem it wise to call in counsel. Counsel of his own stripe might claim a division of the spoils, and counsel of the bishop's high morals might have questioned the methods used which would have been equally fatal for the hopes and plans of both, bishop and dive keeper.

For a moment the dive was quiet. Pinlegs had just added to the already immense cud in his mouth from a fresh plug of tobacco when the weird figure of an old woman shambl'd through the door.

Like Pinlegs, she might have had a name in her early infancy, but in dive circles she was known as "Old Sal."

Pinlegs hastily thrust his plug of tobacco into his hip pocket and leaned back twisting his lips with a peculiar revolving motion so violent that his ears felt the force of it and repeated the motion on a smaller scale.

"Rum!" demanded Old Sal fiercely, glaring at Pinlegs and pointing to the row of barrels. "Rum! Rum! Give me rum and give it to me quick!"

Pinlegs rose leisurely and held out his hand.

"Fork over," he said.

"Got nuthin'."

"Git out a' here, then," and a peculiar hiss-

ing noise sounded between the snags as he pointed toward the door.

"I'll pay—sure I will."

"Where'll you git it?"

"Work, work, till the bones drop out my fingers, fer a bit more rum."

Pinlegs swore an oath.

"Hurry!" she gasped.

Pinlegs gave his shirt a couple of savage thrusts into his diminutive pants and shook his hand by way of calling her attention to the door.

"Git out 'a here, you old fool—git out 'a here. That work song's no go!"

"Rum! More rum! I'm all a-fire inside! The devils are at work. Give me rum, rum," and she swung her long bony arms frantically and ended her appeal with a long shrill howl that every bung hole in the dive seemed to mock and every empty keg to echo.

Pinlegs stepped in front of her and thrust his long keen nails close in her face.

"See!" he chuckled. "You know 'em. Git outen here, you old devil, or I'll try 'em on you. I've helped out wimmin that was heftier than you."

Old Sal eyed them indifferently.

"Them's sharp and chokes, but not no worse than when the innards all want rum. I want rum. I

will have rum," and she began at the neck to unfasten her dress waist.

Pinlegs jerked her hand down.

"Keep your rags—what they good for?"

"It's all I got. Take it—take everything—give me rum."

Old Sal dropped her voice to a coaxing whine and stepping close to Pinlegs, put her hand on his arm and leered in his face.

He struck her arm and moved aside.

The wretched woman rapped her chest with one bony hand:

"Devils in here—fighting devils—fiery devils—they all want rum, RUM!" and her voice rose to an ear-piercing shriek. Then she stopped suddenly.

"Pinlegs, Pinlegs, I forgot. I've got little 'Coots.' Take her and give me that rum quick," and she started toward the bar.

"What's the skinny brat good fer?" he demanded, stepping before her and seizing her by the arm.

"Good fer? Good fer a drink of rum!" she cried, trying to break away from him. "Put her in there," and old Sal pointed to an adjoining room from which proceeded various noises—dancing, shuffling of feet, the notes of a wheezy violin and now and then snatches of coarse singing and laughter.

Pinlegs reflected.

"The brat's too ugly and skinny to go in there," he said to himself. Yet he let up enough on his hold of the hag to give rise to the hope that he might accept her offer.

"She kin dance," suggested the unnatural mother.

Was it because he was a man of good moral character that he hesitated before accepting the girl in exchange for the liquor, or was it because he possessed the kindness of heart that usually accompanies a good moral character that at last he decided to relieve the sufferings of the groaning woman?

"Wait," he commanded after he had released her. "I'll figger," and with the same care he had used a short time previous in dealing with matters in which the state central committee was interested, he again seated himself on the keg and made a few marks on the damp floor with his finger nail.

After what seemed to the hag an age of miserable waiting he slowly arose, crossed the earthen floor, and setting one of the dirtiest of the pint cups under one of the blackest of the black barrels, he turned the faucet and the pint of vile rum bubbled out that was paid for the girl.

Old Sal snatched the cup and after swallowing the liquor in great gulps grew good natured. She tried to stroke Pinlegs as one would a cat and called

him "kind Pinlegs" when he hit her with his fist. Shortly she settled down into a long sleep.

Now while this business transaction had been taking place, the article of merchandise involved had heard it all through a crack, and the half wild heart in her unkempt body had fluttered madly, for though not yet a woman she was not a child, and she all but knew what the life was, to which old Sal had given her over. The girl was in one of the shanty rooms before mentioned which opened into the saloon. She feared Pinlegs greatly, yet she determined to escape; so, watching her chance, as soon as his back was turned, she made a dash for liberty.

Like lightning she bounded past him, but the ever alert Pinlegs heard her and with a quick spring followed.

Then came a chase. From the dark corners of the alley, boys and girls, with a sprinkling of men, swarmed in hot pursuit, calling wildly and throwing cans and empty bottles; but they could not come up with little "Coots." She felt that she was running for her life, and she ran well.

One by one her pursuers dropped out of the race, as she neared the opening to the public street, and finally, looking back, she saw that she was alone. Yet she ran on until, nearly exhausted, she sat down on the steps of a church with a tall steeple.

She had rested but a moment when she caught sight of a policeman and, not having a doubt but that he was pursuing her with the intention of taking her back to Pinlegs, she sprang up, and, blinded with terror, rushed into the street directly in front of a powerful black horse driven by two gentlemen, and the next instant he was upon her.

The buggy stopped and the gentlemen got out. One of them wore a uniform. The girl saw this and not noticing that he was a soldier cried wildly: "Don't take me back to him! Kill me! Kill me! Don't let him git me!"

The gentleman spoke kindly to her and taking a linen handkerchief from his pocket stanchd the flow of blood that came to her lips. Then the policeman came, and soon little "Coots" was taken in an ambulance where she was for a time at least out of the reach of Pinlegs.

Emily Travik belonged to a circle of King's Daughters that once a week, in turn, took flowers to the patients in the Charity Hospital.

Now it so happened that a few days after little "Coots" had met her accident, it came Emily's time to visit the sick.

Whether or not Lieutenant Winter knew this is immaterial, at any rate just as she was starting

with her basket of flowers he came along with his black horse and volunteered to drive her to the hospital.

Emily's face lit with a happy smile for it was the first time since Percy's trouble that he had taken her *anywhere* and she was secretly afraid that he was displeased with her about the punch bowl.

During their ride he told her of the accident of the terrified child, and after a walk through the hospital, they stopped for a short time beside the little sufferer's cot. The doctor said the child would not get well, and when she had been told this she laughed with joy to think that her escape from Pin-legs would be complete, but she liked to talk, and standing there Lieutenant Winter and Emily heard a broken account, in an uncouth way, of life as it is lived in the byways of some of our cities.

This talk was not one calculated for a mixed audience, nor to suit the requirements of an esthetic taste, but it was horribly interesting and bore the stamp of truth. From time to time, as the girl talked Lieutenant Winter glanced at the fair face of the young woman standing at the foot of the white cot. He was more interested in her than in any other woman in the world—and more disappointed. There was something frivolous about her that jarred his senses sorely, for he was every inch

a man; and while the graceful surface ripples please a man, depth is necessary to anchor his affections. He believed that she possessed this depth, but since he had known her last she had outgrown it or had so successfully learned the stylish art of veneering that it was hidden.

"Poor little wretch," she said of "Coots," after they had started for home.

"I wonder if the state is doing her a kindness in trying to save her life?" said Lieutenant Winter.

"Of course the state is doing its duty. It would be a crime to let her die."

"The state will kill her in the end, or let it be done, which amounts to the same thing."

"How can such things be helped?"

"The state could as effectually stop the sale of poisoned beverages as it does the sale of poisoned beef; but if it will not do that, it should make it unlawful for a drunkard to marry."

"Reforms would stop then. I think half the people I visit in the hospital attribute their trouble to the use of liquor, directly or indirectly."

"Hereditary taints cannot be reformed out of people any more than consumption can. There is nothing so powerful on earth as an inherited appetite. I say it is a crime for such to marry."

"If you loved a woman very, very dearly and

found that her grandfather had been a drunkard, would it be a crime for you to marry her?"

Lieutenant Winter had not thought of this. He shot a swift glance at Emily, but evidently she was speaking of possibilities in the abstract.

He was silent a moment then answered slowly:

"You have asked a question too hard for me. If I loved a woman as a man should love but one woman, and I found things as you say, I should—I do not know what I should do."

Emily laughed.

"You know what the other man should do though. Do not lecture me any more on punch bowls. A soldier should not hesitate to choose between the woman and the crime."

Then Emily talked on and on, growing more flip-pant, and at times speaking unkindly of certain of her acquaintances who might or might not have inherited an appetite.

Lieutenant Winter grew more and more disgusted with every sentence that passed her lips. A rush of words came to his mind but he held them back and wondered if she knew anything of her father. He had heard once that he had been a drunkard.

As they neared the gate she turned to him, noticing perhaps for the first time that she had monopolized the conversation.

"You are unnaturally quiet. What are you thinking of?"

Lieutenant Winter assisted her from the buggy before he answered.

"I was wondering," he said with that tone of voice that Emily had heard before.

Then he lifted his hat and, without waiting for the astonished girl to answer, he drove away.

CHAPTER VII.

"AND EMILY KNOWS NOTHING OF HER
FATHER?"

The day after he visited the hospital with Emily Lieutenant Winter went to the jail to call upon Percy, determined to find, if possible, something of Emily's father, for he was satisfied that Percy knew.

He had broached the subject several times before, but as Percy had seemed indisposed to talk upon it he had let the matter go.

He found Percy in his cell sitting on an unpainted chair, with his feet propped against the wall, smoking a cigarette. A half-empty dark glass bottle stood on the floor near by.

As his friend entered, Percy, without offering to get up, invited him in and motioned him to a seat on the side of his bunk.

Lieutenant Winter gave the bottle an unfriendly glance and sat down.

"I should think, Percy, that you had about learned the lesson of the bottle. Honestly, are you never going to stop the course you are taking?"

"I'd like to," said Percy with a yawn, "but truth compels me to state that I cannot."

"You can. Such talk is bosh."

"I say I cannot. When a fellow gets used to liquor, his system requires it and without it he suffers."

"I know better than that and so do you. Our jungle days proved quite the contrary. Didn't we dig through banana groves and wade through rice fields up to our waists in water? Didn't we plough through mud and stinking slime, day after day, digging trenches and throwing up embankments, and were not those same embankments our beds at night? Yet we stood it and you were twice the man you are to-day. A better regiment was never seen so long as whisky was kept out of reach. It swells my pride yet to think of those first months of our campaign. We proved what other nations have proclaimed that the best army on earth is the army that abstains from the use of strong drink. It has proved that the best soldier is the soberest and what is true of a soldier is equally true of a man. You can get along without your filthy liquor."

"When I'm in the jungle and the drink is in the bay, yes. It's a case of 'have to' then, but when it's within easy reach and I know it was put there for my benefit, why, I'll aid the consumption of

home products—you bet I will. Don't preach, my friend. A clerical brother called a few days ago and fed me enough of gospel to do a month."

"Has there been a preacher to call on you?"

"The Colonel brought the bishop out to see me."

Lieutenant Winter was silent a short time.

"What did he say to finding you in this place?"

Percy grunted. "Said a lot of stuff. Said he was shocked, remarked something about the pleasure it would give him to lose his strong right arm in a sacrificial way for the overthrow of what he terms an 'ungodly traffic;' and he'd remember me in his prayers, etc."

"That is a man I have the utmost confidence in. He is a good man."

"Good? Yes," said Percy, "if that's all there is to it, but he's got a poor apparatus in his head for figuring out cause and effect. He cannot see, to save his ecclesiastical life, that he is in any way responsible as an individual for the conditions that he calls 'sin.' "

"Neither can any one else."

"Don't act fool now. You know a thing or two. Who sent that shipload of liquor to Manila to lie like a hound in waiting for the boys in the trenches?"

"Who sent the liquor? Well! Certainly not the bishop. A soulless monopoly sent it."

"Sure. Who let the monopoly send it?"

"The home government gave its consent."

"You are right. Who says what shall and what shall not go into territory under martial law?"

"The commander-in-chief of the army."

"Well, the commander-in-chief of the army let that and fifty times more of the dirtiest stuff that ever filtered through a man's throat cross the ocean and lie there for the boys in blue. He LET it be there. HE LET it. Do you get that?"

"Yes, but what you say involves the President. Stick to your text, you were speaking of the bishop."

"The bishop holds up the President's hands."

"There you are mistaken. He cannot do it. His church has said that the traffic can never be legalized without sin and it would be breaking faith with his belief if such a thing were true."

"He has openly declared that the President, in his opinion, is one of the purest and best of men. That may or may not mean an endorsement. I may or may not know the meaning of English."

The two were silent for a time. Percy blew great clouds of poison smoke through his nostrils and watched it curl upward and flatten against the low, dark ceiling.

Lieutenant Winter was lost in thought.

"Things are so twisted," he said at length, "if a man only knew which was head and which was tail he might be able to form an opinion. The President is a Christian, of that I am satisfied; and yet if the arch foe of the human race had been at the head of affairs in the Philippines, the moral situation could not have been much worse. The churches get mighty wrathful and protest, but to save me I cannot see that they have done a thing in the last five years toward stopping the thing they resolve against so valiantly. A Christian country forces its civilization upon a heathen people and makes them ten fold worse by the modern sins it introduces. Yet, we should not judge men. We cannot see their motives."

"That's my belief exactly. The President allows whisky selling in Manila; he sanctions the canteen saloon and he drinks when and where he pleases and yet there are a set of narrow minded folks that question his motives and of course misconstrue them. I am in the same box with the President. I object to being continually pecked on because I choose to drink a little. Why cannot people let me alone? You are slow enough to deal with other people's motives, let mine alone. Hand me that bottle please, I must take a swallow for my stomach's sake."

Lieutenant Winter hesitated, then pushed the bottle toward Percy with his boot toe.

Percy caught it up and laughed.

"Afraid it will poison you? You'll end yet by being a bishop."

A frown passed over the face of the Lieutenant. He had been taught to respect religion and its ministers and Percy's vulgar familiarity annoyed him.

"Percy," he said gravely, "it is both ungentlemanly and cowardly for you to speak as you do of your father's friend."

Percy laughed again.

"Not cowardly," he said, "for I said it to his face."

"What?"

"Yes. I don't remember the exact words, but I told him the commander-in-chief of the army set the pace and the boys in the trenches followed. He observed that I did not understand and I don't. If it's right for the President to drink it's right for me, and if it's wrong for me it's wrong for the President; and the bishop should say so and quit beating around the bush. There are lots of things I cannot understand and never expect to. You see, my dear Winter, I'm not a bishop."

Percy drew a pencil from his pocket and began to inscribe his name upon his chair.

Lieutenant Winter watched him and his mind

went from the vexed subject of bishops to the trouble of his friend and he thought of the long, dreary days he must pass in confinement.

"Are you tired staying here?" he asked presently. Percy looked up quickly.

"Tired? I'd take this chair this minute and burst the bars and run for liberty even though every gun in the jail were leveled at me, only that the chair would mash to splinters and I would but be the worse for something to sit on. Stay here a day, and then ask a fellow if he's tired! I'll be glad when it comes time for me to breathe fresh air again, but that will not be until fall I suppose. Goodness! What a time to wait! But it is necessary. Long delay, short sentence. That's justice up to date."

"What sort of a sentence do you hope for?"

"No sentence. I expect to get out of here."

"What did you say?"

"I expect to get out of here. I didn't mean to KILL that fellow any more than you mean to kill me, and as for the funds, the Colonel will see to that."

Lieutenant Winter reflected. "Well Percy, I love you like a brother, but I hope you'll get a sentence. I wouldn't take your chances if you get out of this affair scott free. It is such justice as you hope for

that is bringing mob law into such alarming usage."

Percy dug away at the chair and for a time the scratch of his pencil was the only sound that broke the stillness of the cell.

Lieutenant Winter arose from his uncomfortable seat and stretched himself. When he sat down he was nearer Percy than before.

"Percy," he said, "I want you to tell me something regarding Emily's father."

"Interested, are you?"

"I have always been interested in her. Now I want to know something of her father. Does she know anything of him?"

"Not a breath and let that man beware who tells her, if the Colonel finds it out. I don't know much, but what little I do know has been my portion of the family skeleton, and I have kept it well hidden, but I'll share my secret. What do you want to know?"

"All that you know."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Nothing but that he was—that he drank."

"That's about all there is to tell."

"Did you ever see him?"

"When I was a kid. He came to our house to see my sister. He gave me a box of candy once that has helped me to remember him. The Colonel

objected to his visits, but he came just the same and finally married my sister. After that I went a few times to their house. I don't remember much about it, only that it seemed small to me, had a bay window, with a singing bird in a gilt cage, and that my sister was always smiling. Emily is her living image. I can see my sister yet when Emily smiles a certain way.

"One day she came home and did not go back. She walked to the gate a great many times looking for someone—him I suppose. The next thing I remember is that she was in a coffin in the parlor and that there was a baby upstairs. That was Emily.

"He came while she was in the coffin, and I remember I thought, as he stood looking in at her, that he was dead, too.

"I remember how he left the house and how angry the Colonel was. Later the funeral took place. I don't recall much of it only that, looking back as we left the cemetery, I saw him standing by the grave. The second time I looked he was still there and when the Colonel glanced out and saw what I was looking at, he jerked the blinds down.

"I believe he reformed a dozen times after my sister died, but ended it all by making a full-fledged beast of himself and then disappearing."

"Where did he go?"

"I don't know. We were not allowed to talk of him. He made so much trouble in our family that his name was held as a disgrace. Not content with marring our peace and family honor, he spoiled the finest tombstone in Mount Aubery cemetery."

"What did he do to the tombstone?"

Percy laughed.

"I don't know how long after my sister's death—it was maybe a year—maybe two or three—that we drove out there one time to find a blood stain on the white base of the stone. The Colonel jumped out of the carriage and after looking half a second sent me to summon the sexton. I remember the important feeling yet that swelled within me as I went out with a message in which a blood stain was involved.

"The sexton said the young husband had been there the day before in an awful fit of tremens and in a mad chase around the monument had fallen, cutting his head. He was taken to the hospital.

"I never saw the Colonel more worked up. He ordered the stain scrubbed and sandpapered and polished, but it was there to stay until the judgment day I reckon. Anyhow it's there yet, rather pale but well defined.

"Do you know, that man was the biggest fool I ever heard of? He chained himself to a tree once,

for some unknown reason, and then threw the key away and yelled for someone to come and unlock him. A boy came to the rescue and had his wits nearly frightened out, but finally found the key in the grass and let the fool go free. We got it straight for the boy's mother told it to Emily's nurse, but the Colonel was so furious that he forbade us ever to speak of it and we heard no more. That was long ago."

Lieutenant Winter got up and began pacing the narrow apartment.

"Did you ever hear that?" Percy inquired looking at him.

"I saw a man once chained to a tree and let him loose."

"You did? When?"

"Away back when I was a boy. When we lived out the other side of the old Half Way place. Strange I never mentioned it."

"That was the very place. So you saw him; how was it?"

"He was a raving maniac, and his only cry was 'Hell—whisky!' The words were linked together and burnt into my mind."

"Golly, but wasn't he an idiot?" murmured the prisoner.

"Where did he go after he left here?" asked the visitor.

"I said I did not know."

"Is he dead?"

"Dead? Do such men die?"

"I should think he would be dead. A man cannot stand many attacks of the disease that man had."

"He would have been dead, but, you see, he reformed."

"Did what?"

"Reformed or did something, anyhow, he's not dead."

"Where is he?"

"All over everywhere making a fool of himself."

"I suppose so. What is he doing?"

"Lecturing on temperance," and Percy leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily. "See the point?" he queried, "HE'S lecturing on TEMPERANCE after cutting his head half off on a tombstone and doing other imbecile acts while fighting snakes."

"Perhaps he is making a man of himself."

"All right. We will not quarrel. The Colonel thinks it is a fool he is making, and he is chairman of the state central committee and president of the board of trustees, therefore in a position to know what he is talking about.

"When he heard of the doing of his son-in-law

he bristled and was more injured than when in bygone days the same son-in-law had indulged in the cup. I expect though that it is partly because as a lecturer he mixes with politics and preaches ballot box doctrine. The Colonel does not believe in mixing politics and religion, nor 'vice versa' though you might think he did to hear him pray."

"And Emily knows nothing of her father?"

Not that we know of. She used to inquire, but the Colonel put a stop to it and I guess she has given the matter up."

"Strange her father does not make himself known to her."

"He got enough of that. He did try to get her once, but got orders from headquarters not to try it again and he has respected the mandate as far as I know."

"What is Emily's name?"

"Her father's name is Wayne—Theodore Wayne."

"Wayne—Wayne. The name sounds as familiar to me as my own."

"Been reading the papers I take it. He keeps his name at the mast head and they do say that oratorically speaking, his like has not been since the days of Daniel Webster."

Lieutenant Winter, who was yet pacing the narrow room, stopped suddenly.

"Theodore Wayne!" he said in a tone of the utmost surprise. "Percy, you are not talking of Theodore Wayne, the reformer?"

"Yes—the same big fool. You see he was a lawyer once and a good one, too. If he'd attended to his business after he reformed, he might have been something, but shooting off into political temperance—what will it amount to? Folks flock like sheep to hear him, but a well-loved man is equally hated. Somebody will shoot his devoted head off some day, and that will be the end of him."

"Emily Wayne—someone should tell her of her father."

"Do you want the job?"

"I would not mind it. She is not the girl I think her if she does not glory in his record."

"No glory, according to the way the Colonel looks at it."

"Everybody does not see it in that light."

"Safe to bet Emily will. I hoped she would not be like every other woman, but I guess she will."

"You say she is like her mother?"

"To a dot."

"The mother loved this man—so will her daughter. Emily must know of her father."

CHAPTER VIII.

"MY MOTHER LOVED HIM."

When Lieutenant Winter left the jail, after his interview with Percy, he went out fully determined that Emily should soon know who her father was; but, as is often the case with intentions, from time to time the matter was postponed until spring had passed and summer come.

During the summer Percy had fever and was moved from his cell into more comfortable quarters. His recovery was slow and he looked forward with the eagerness of a child to the time when he should again be free.

As the summer advanced, political matters grew interesting. The campaign promised to be one of the most exciting ever known in the state. Aside from the presidential election, which itself always created more or less of feeling, there was before the people for consideration an amendment which if enacted would put poison beverages, as an article of merchandise, on a par with poison meat.

Forces of all political complexion were in battle array. The party to which Colonel Travik gave his

undivided support had suffered a serious split on account of the distribution of political pie. One-half the delegates to the state convention locked the other half out and when they at last gained access a bitter controversy followed which came near ending in a free-for-all fight. Men stood in their chairs and yelled. Two men in their frenzy to make themselves heard mounted the piano and scuffled to such an extent that one fell off and hit the floor with that sickening thud peculiar to political conventions. While the confusion was at its height, some evil minded person turned out the lights and the police were summoned.

This was indeed a trying position for a pillar of the church to be placed in, but striving to carry out the injunction which says "having done all to stand", Colonel Travik, whose seat as chairman was being contested, held it, knowing that the bishop as well as the "faction" would rejoice at his ultimate success. When the matter had at last been settled by a profuse application of political cement, Colonel Travik came out with flying colors, still chairman of the state central committee.

About this time the announcement was made that Theodore Wayne would "stump" the state in the interests of the amendment.

This announcement, while not wholly a surprise, created much unfavorable comment among the ranks of the party of which Colonel Travik was the able head.

Until the rupture in their ranks, the plans of Colonel Travik, the bishop and Pinlegs had proceeded with the utmost harmony and it was deeply to be regretted that so soon after the healing of the breach such a powerful force should appear on the scene to confuse the minds of the people.

Several meetings were called and the matter was discussed by the cemented factions. The burden of the reformer's cry was "let there be light", and it invariably followed that there was light. A fair hearing of his cause meant converts, and, as there were no voters to spare, it became necessary to to establish a systematic course to create prejudice before his arrival.

To this end editorial space was purchased; doctored statistics were given prominent places; the past of the reformer was in a degree unearthed; stories were told of many bad habits still practiced by him in secret; a fable gained circulation relating to vast fortunes he was reaping from his lectures, and ever and anon preachers lent their voices, to give religious tone to the chorus of disapproval.

There was at most of these different club meetings

a silent, uncouth person, who nevertheless, it was well understood was an important factor in the game of politics.

This was Pinlegs, disburser of funds.

When ways and means were being devised by the chairman and the deacon to kill the influence of the great reformer, this person listened with interest, chewing his cud violently and stirring his aggressive hair from time to time with his horny fingers.

Soon after Theodore Wayne entered the state, Emily Travik went to pay a short visit to a friend who lived in a railroad village at no great distance.

While she was in this town, the great reformer spoke there.

Emily cared little for temperance, but because every other person in the village turned out to hear him she went also, and because she had a sweet voice she had consented to sing a solo.

The meeting was held in a church which was, on the night of the lecture, packed. On the outside around every window men stood a dozen deep and the vestibule was full to overflowing.

When Emily entered, the speaker sat by a small table resting his elbow upon it and shading his eyes with his hand.

She glanced at him, then looked away. He did not interest her.

Throughout the opening hymn he still sat thus, resting or praying.

Then Emily sang.

As the first strains sounded, the orator dropped his hand from his eyes and looked up suddenly as if he had been called.

Spellbound he gazed as the song continued.

"Who is the singer?" he inquired of a man near him who had arranged the program.

"Miss Travik, of B——."

Again he looked at the girl. Then he covered his eyes as before and sat quietly through the song, but the man next him noticed that his hand was trembling.

When the last vibrating note had died away, the speaker was announced.

For a moment he paused while people waited, then he rose, stepped quickly to the front, and faced his audience.

His first few sentences were faltering and rather disconnected, but, as he spoke, some wonderful power seemed to lift him out of himself and bear him up. Like tireless, certain missiles from some rapidly revolving machine of war, his mighty truths were hurled forth, quivering with pathos, bounding with passion, sharp with irony, to fasten in the hearts of the people.

The audience sat like a man. Many ignorantly wondered at the ease with which he swayed men's emotions, others who had learned "the Secret of the Most High" knew that he did battle with the Sword of the Spirit.

As soon as Emily had finished her song, she turned her attention to some one at her side, but as the voice of the speaker reached her ear she turned quickly, fully expecting to recognize some one she knew.

A puzzled look of disappointment came into her face.

The man was familiar, yet strange.

His features were clearly cut and in the lines endurance and suffering and longing had traced themselves, while on one pale cheek a scar was visible.

It was this scar that caught and held Emily's attention and at times seemed to awaken a dream that had long lain forgotten behind the grey mist of the past.

She repeated his name to herself a number of times, but it brought no light, for, thanks to her grandfather's watchful care, it was a strange name.

Throughout the lecture she sat hearing the voice but not the words; seeing a face she knew and yet did not know.

The clapping of many hands aroused her, from

time to time, but immediately she dropped again into her reflections. More than once by some strange fatality their eyes met, and at such times a thrill went throbbing through her and she strained her memory to the utmost, for she seemed upon the threshold of some long forgotten place.

Immediately at the close of the lecture hundreds rushed toward the platform to shake the man's hand. Among this number was Emily. She had never done such a thing in her life; but her desire to look closely into the strange face and press the man's hand overcame her timidity.

But Emily with the others was doomed to disappointment that night. The speaker had retired immediately.

Long into the night Emily wrestled with the puzzling question, yet the face of the man remained as strangely familiar and as strangely strange as when she first saw it.

After midnight she fell asleep. Toward morning she suddenly awakened for it seemed she was a child and a man was standing over her gently on the ground.

She had been sitting on the knee of this man. He had held her hand and stroked her hair. She had seen tears in his eyes and had heard him say "I am your father". Then the scar came clearly out to view and she had kissed him.

Emily suddenly started up in the bed and looked around, but the room was dark. The first pale grey of early morning marked the window, the house was quiet, and she knew that she had dreamed, but she also knew that the man in her dream and the man whom she had heard speak were the same.

The mystery deepened. Memory could define nothing; but her heart went out strangely to the man, and she longed to see more of him, to hear him again, and knowing that he was to be in her own city two nights she determined to return and see him. She also determined, although she had been often put off, to learn from her grandfather who her father was.

Arriving home the day of the first lecture she went to her grandfather at once with her question.

After explaining to her that he was unusually busy, he inquired, rather more sharply than he was wont to speak, why she had so suddenly returned at this time and why she had inquired concerning her father.

"Grandpa," Emily said impatiently, "I came home to hear Theodore Wayne. He is wonderful! But I came, too, to find out who my father is. You have been promising a long time that you would tell me. Tell me now."

Colonel Travik frowned.

"Why now?" he questioned.

"I am of age. I should have known before. Is my father such a disgraceful character that the knowledge of him will forever make me miserable?"

"I have kept all knowledge of him from you for your own peace of mind."

"My peace of mind demands that I know who my father is. Perhaps my father loves me. Perhaps——" Emily hesitated, thinking of the man in the dream, "Perhaps I love my father."

"Perhaps," said Colonel Travik dryly. "I hardly think so, though."

"My mother loved him."

"How do you know?"

"I have supposed so. She married him."

"Your mother has been sleeping under the grass these eighteen years as a result of that love." And the old man turned to his work as if the matter were settled.

"Are you going to tell me who my father is?" Emily inquired pointedly.

"If you insist," he answered, without looking up.

Emily hesitated. She had been through the routine before. She knew her grandfather had no intention of telling her.

"Perhaps some one else is in possession of the information I desire."

Colonel Travik wrote on a few seconds. Then he stopped suddenly and turned to Emily.

"Percy knows and I suppose Lieutenant Winter does. You are of age. You may do as you please; but I warn you the knowledge that you seek will only bring you sorrow."

Emily stood another moment. Then she resolutely left the room and hurriedly dispatched a note to Lieutenant Winter.

After his lecture on the night Emily first saw him, Theodore Wayne left the church with a whirling brain and a throbbing heart.

The notes of the song had startled him, for Emily, the daughter, sang with the voice of Emily, the mother.

As she sang, the intervening years slipped away and it seemed to the lonely man that he stood face to face once more with the woman he had loved and wronged.

He sat in a spell until announced, then by a superhuman effort he arose to the occasion and spoke as the spirit moved him.

But at the close a tumult of conflicting emotions got the better of him. He felt his long taxed strength giving way and hastily retired.

All through the years he had longed for his child.

After his first unsuccessful attempt to get her, he had decided to let the girl remain with her grandfather until she was older, thinking that then she would come to him of her own free choice. Knowing Colonel Travik as he did he expected no kindness from him, but that the child should share his bitter and resentful feeling seemed hard to believe, yet, as the years slipped by one after another, and no word came, the belief was forced upon him. More than once he had written, such letters as a lonely, loving nature writes. Long and anxiously he had looked for answers, but not one had ever come.

He did not know to what rigid censorship his daughter's correspondence had been subjected.

Now, after all these years, he had seen her and she did not recognize his existence by owning his name.

It was a bitter revelation.

Reaching his room, he dropped across the bed, weak and weary.

The years of his ceaseless toil, his yearning and loneliness, the weight of false accusations, turned back like the leaves in a book and he seemed again in the years of his young manhood.

He lived through his courtship and marriage and the first happy days—through his first debauch and the promises to the woman whose arms he could again feel around his neck—his second long disgrace

—the night on the bridge—the homecoming in the stillness of the night—the empty room—the letter in the mirror.

All these he passed through with varying emotions.

This letter he had kept, and many times it had been a consolation to him. Now he took it from his pocket, but it seemed like a mocking voice from the ashes of the past.

He replaced the letter and let his mind travel through the rest of the tragedy—the crape on the door—the coffin—the still, cold form of the woman who had entered her long rest.

Theodore Wayne groaned and rising from the bed paced the floor.

The words of his father-in-law sounded in his ear, having lost none of their harshness in the flight of years—the clods dropped on the coffin—the mound rounded up—the friends left—the fragrance of the flowers stifled him.

After this came the lonesome life, the life of reforms and strivings, of falls and disgraces, the one fearful time when he chained himself and when loosened drank the cup to its fearful dregs—when he fought an imaginary battle with a satanic foe and received a scar for life.

It seemed that the manhood that he had been building all the years suddenly slipped away. Once

more he was a weak and worthless wreck, and as his emotions mingled and rushed over him, out of the blackness of his misery there came again the desire for drink.

What had the long years of his struggle and toil availed him? His wife had loved him and had gone. His daughter was ashamed to be called by his name. His church, and he loved it with his whole soul, stood aloof at best and heaped well-phrased odium upon his work.

For an instant the thought came like a winsome fury to drown it all, past, present and the future, in the cup and let his life flicker out like a candle, but weak and exhausted though he was, this thought was only for an instant.

No man who has felt the throbs of immortality that come as the pulsations of the new birth, can compare humanity to a candle light.

Theodore Wayne shuddered as the thought came, tarried and passed.

Then he knit his hands and dropping by the bedside remained there until early morning.

When he arose he had not slept, his face was pale, but rest was stamped upon it and a victory had been gained such as no man knows save he to whom it is given.

Theodore Wayne had fastened on his soul's buckler for the last round of his long, lonesome battle.

CHAPTER IX.

"I HAVE FOUND MY FATHER."

Lieutenant Winter was somewhat surprised on receiving Emily's note requesting him to call without delay. In the first place he supposed her out of town, and if she had not been, the request was somewhat unusual, but on the whole he was more pleased than surprised. It seemed a bit like old times, days when Emily had felt free to call upon him in every case of trouble and it had been his chief delight to do her bidding.

But he remembered that it was the night of the lecture that he had for months been looking forward to and which even now he had no intention of missing.

Accordingly, at an early hour he called at the elegant home of Colonel Travik where he found Emily dressed to go out and waiting impatiently.

"I will not keep you long," she said after bidding him good evening. "I am going to the lecture. I am going to hear Theodore Wayne. Have you heard him?"

The girl was speaking of her father. Lieutenant Winter was almost startled at the strangeness of it.

"Have you heard him?" she repeated, noticing his hesitation.

"No; but I have counted the days until this day, and I am on my way now."

Emily was silent a moment. She was thinking of the man. When she spoke it was an outburst of enthusiasm. "O, he is wonderful! There is no other like him," and her eyes were bright with admiration.

"You have heard him then?"

"Up at S—. I have seen him."

Lieutenant Winter was attention on the instant. "Tell me," he said, "is his oratory bewitching, are his facts unsurmountable, is his logic invincible?"

"Logic," Emily repeated, "Logic? Why I don't know anything about his logic. In fact I have not been able to recall a thing he said. Perhaps I never heard it. But his voice—did you ever sit in the attic when you were lonesome and hear the rain drops patter just over your head, and did you try to understand their music? That man's voice stirred me like a raindrop song. His face with its scar looked familiar and I could not keep my eyes from it. Several times his eyes met mine, and that instant it seemed I had touched a battery. I hoped to

get acquainted with him and rushed to the front with the others, but he had gone, and I went home to dream of him. I have dreamed and thought and dreamed again and in my dreams I am always a child and he is near me and I see the scar."

Lieutenant Winter had a vague notion why, if, as Emily had said, the speaker had looked closely at her, he had retired, but he did not understand why Emily should have been so strangely impressed with his face and his voice.

"Did you ever see—" he presently began. Then he stopped suddenly for he was thinking aloud.

Emily waited a moment.

"Did I ever see whom? The lecturer?"

"Yes—the lecturer," Lieutenant Winter repeated.

"Not that I know of. That is what puzzles me. His face with the scar—I see it now—but do I know him?"

He did not answer her question. Emily did not expect him to. She was talking to herself, while he tried to decide whether to tell her of her father at once or to wait until after the lecture.

Emily laughed presently. A strained nervous laugh.

"Doesn't it strike you as being odd that I of all people should be so interested in Theodore Wayne,

and yet in a very strange way I am infatuated with him, and if any person gets acquainted with him tonight, I shall. I came home partly for that purpose. Then the mystery will clear away. He will tell me if I have known him. But you are going—I must tell you why I sent for you.”

He had forgotten that she had summoned him and looked curious.

Emily crossed the room and drawing a low chair to his side sat down close to him and facing him. It was an old way she had, so old that Lieutenant Winter supposed it had gone forever, and by the act he judged the importance of what she intended saying.

Her face was serious, and for a moment she hesitated, then she said: “Tell me, do you know who my father is?”

Winter was completely surprised by the suddenness of the question, but she waited for an answer.

“What makes you ask?” at length he questioned.

“What makes me ask?” she repeated impatiently.

“What makes me ask who my father is? Please do not begin to cross question me. That is my grandpa’s way, and I am tired of it. I am of age. Do you know who my father is?”

“Yes.”

A light leapt into Emily’s eyes, and she put her

hand on the arm of the chair in which he was slowly rocking.

He stopped, for her manner was imperious.

"And you will tell me," she said quietly, holding the chair firmly.

"If you wish," he replied firmly.

For a moment they sat. Then the young man looked away from her, for, now that the desired opportunity had at last come, he actually could frame no words of information.

The striking of the clock broke the stillness.

"Listen! It's time to go," and he suddenly arose.

Emily did not move. A lump came into her throat. It seemed that Lieutenant Winter had gone in league with her grandfather and both were determined to keep her in ignorance.

"You said you would tell me!" she at last exclaimed.

"About your father?"

Emily nodded. She was so disappointed she dared not speak.

"Certainly I will. But it is time to go now. Have you company—will Colonel Travik accompany you?"

Emily shook her head. "He said he could employ his time to better advantage."

"All right then. My buggy is at the door and the drive will be pleasant. Come, let us go."

"Will you tell me, then?" and there was a touch of pleading in her voice.

"With the greatest of pleasure."

As soon as they had started on their way, Emily turned her face to him.

"Now," she said, and he understood.

"Very well, what first?"

"You know who my father is?"

"Yes."

"And he is living?"

"Yes."

"You know where he is—right now—tonight?"

"Pretty nearly."

Emily hesitated. She was standing on the threshold of the unknown door.

"Tell me," and she spoke, half whispering, "what is my father that I should know nothing of him? Is he a felon?"

"Is my opinion worth anything to you?" Lieutenant Winter inquired, after gazing absently down the road a minute.

"A very great deal."

"Then, in my opinion, your father is one of the grandest men that God ever put upon this busy little planet. He is a man among a thousand thousand."

"What do you mean?" and he felt the pressure of her hand upon his arm. "Who is my father?"

"We shall see him presently."

"Will he be at the lecture?"

"If there be a lecture."

"Are you sure?"

"If Theodore Wayne lectures tonight, your father will be there and you cannot miss the sight of him, if you keep your eyes open."

There was a mystery in the words, and the emphasis he had put on the name was the only key to the puzzle.

For a moment Emily hesitated.

"You do not mean—you cannot mean?"

Lieutenant Winter laughed. Her evident consternation amused him.

"Yes," he said, "I do mean."

"Say it plainly. I cannot understand unless you do."

"Well, to be plain, your humble servant has the honor on this occasion to be the escort of Emily, daughter of Theodore Wayne. Is that plain?"

Emily fixed her eyes in open astonishment on her friend's face, then, half laughing, half crying, the tears gaining the victory, she said, "I am so happy—I love him, and do you know—do you know, I believe he loves me! A new life is before me! I have found my father!"

As she spoke her eyes filled with tears which it was useless to try to hold back. She covered her

face with her handkerchief and held it there some minutes. Then she suddenly dropped it in her lap.

"Don't you think," she said deliberately, "that I have been treated badly? I have longed to know my father, and yet was afraid to know. I have needed him, and he has had a lonely life. My mother would not have wished it so. Why has it been?"

"Ask your grandfather," Winter suggested rather tartly.

Questioned why her father had never made himself known to her, Lieutenant Winter could give no satisfactory explanation, save to tell her that her father had once made an attempt to get her and had been ordered away. He did not tell her that her father was drunk at the time.

It was still early when Lieutenant Winter with Emily entered the large auditorium, but even at this hour they found the best seats taken, and they had to be content with the middle section. In a short time, this also was filled, then the back, the wings and the gallery, and still the people came.

Emily had no eyes for anything but the platform, where several persons were sitting, but not the one she waited for.

Presently a trumpet sounded; then from the throats of a trained chorus there suddenly burst

forth that glorious hymn, "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

As the inspiring words rolled out, thousands took up the refrain and while the music rose and swelled the speaker came quietly upon the platform.

Emily and her escort leaned forward almost breathlessly. As when Emily saw him before, so he sat now, shading his eyes with his hand, resting or praying, while the voices of the singers shook the building.

Immediately at the close of the singing, he stepped forward and began to speak. Lieutenant Winter half turned to make sure that Emily had not disappeared. She sat very still with her eyes fastened on the figure upon the stage as if charmed. There was a new look in her face. Winter smiled and wondered but not for long.

Like a needle near a magnet, his attention was drawn back to the speaker.

Theodore Wayne did not hesitate this night. Facing five thousand people, he stood with a triumphant bearing. Like a charioteer at the end of a long and well run race, his victory was already written on his face, and at the first tones of his voice it went tingling and vibrating out into the sea of souls and they also felt victory kindling in their breasts.

As the elements of nature play with leaves and

broken shells, so great spiritual forces bear and sway men's souls.

Thus this one pale-faced man controlled the emotions of his hearers directing them where he would.

Emily leaned farther and farther forward, yet it was doubtful if she heard a sentence. She had forgotten everything under the excitement, and Lieutenant Winter had forgotten her.

Turning during a pause, he caught her arm and drew her back, calling attention to the fact that if she moved forward again she would in all probability land upon the floor and create a scene.

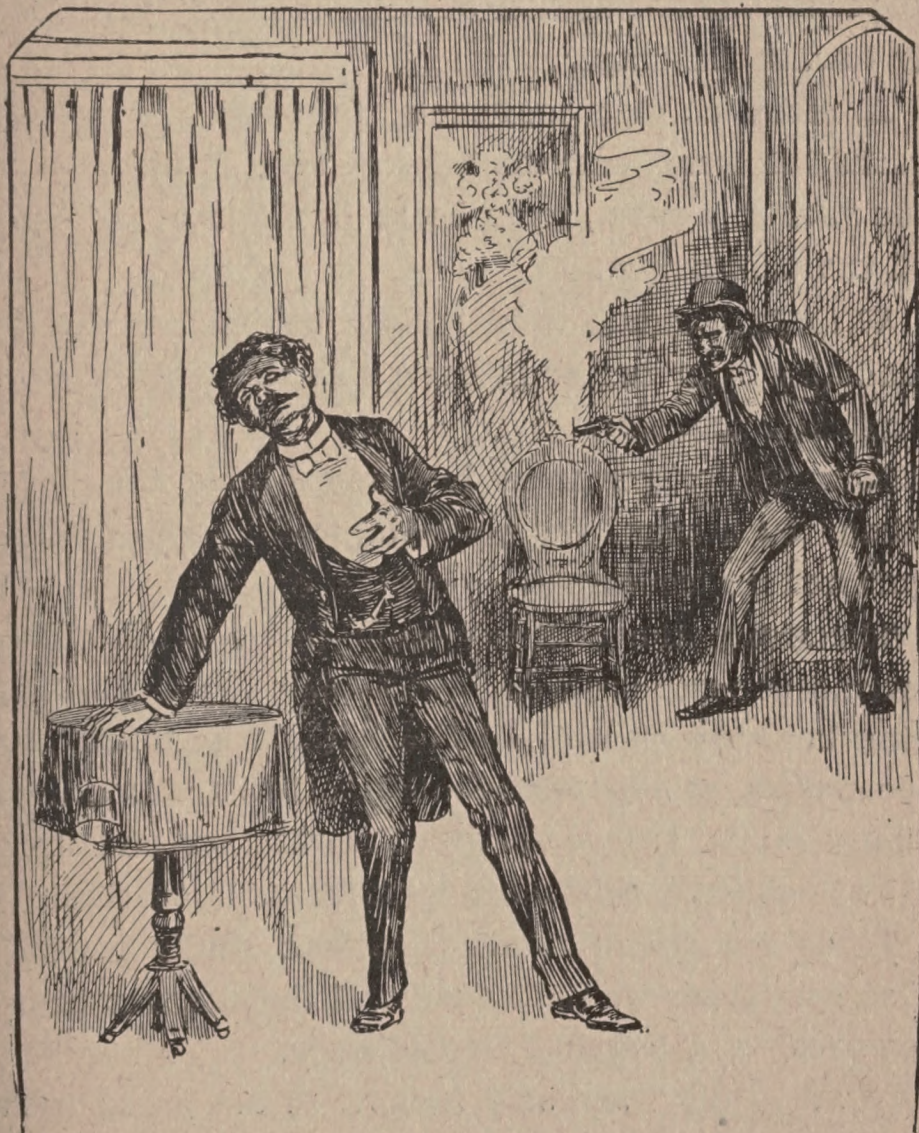
As the lecturer advanced with his subject, others beside Emily forgot their surroundings and sat bound by a spell.

When he sounded the depths of human misery and sorrow, the audience went into the blackness with him, and men wept; when he soared above the beautiful things of earth, he lifted thousands, and with him they caught glimpses of heavenly things, and when he unsheathed his sword of irony it cut sharper than a Damascus blade, and yet no threats were heard, though enemies packed the gallery.

In the midst of the lecture, he paused, and turning to the little table, poured a glass of water and lifted it to his lips. As he was in the act, a slim, dwarfish figure appeared, like a timber wolf, in the

shadow of the wings, and instantly two pistol shots in quick succession rang out through the stillness.

The glass dropped, and Theodore Wayne fell heavily upon the floor.



"TWO PISTOL SHOTS RANG OUT"

A second of silence followed—such a silence as when a frightened person gasps for breath.

Then a woman's voice pierced the stillness. "My father! My father!" the agonized voice cried, and the fashionable daughter of Colonel Travik ran wildly toward the stage.

A scene of dire confusion followed. Hundreds rushed forward, and the cries of men, mingled with the sobs of women, were heard in different portions of the auditorium.

With Lieutenant Winter close behind her, Emily made her way to her father's side the dense crowd parting before her.

Several doctors were kneeling beside the body when she reached the platform, and a pool of blood quivered on the carpet.

The girl was nearly frantic. Winter put his arm around her and drew her away from the scene, bidding her stay where he left her until he found out the nature of the wound. Then, for a short time Emily sat in the chair which her father had used a few moments before his last immortal oration.

When her friend returned to her, Emily learned that her father was not dead and that he was to be removed to a hospital immediately.

"I am going," she said rising. "I am going with my father!"

"Certainly you are going—come," and together they went out.

They did not speak until they had started toward the hospital. Then it was Emily.

"Will my father die? What does it mean? Tell me!" and she held out her hand like a child groping in the dark.

Lieutenant Winter took it in his. It was cold and trembled.

"You must be brave. Now is the time to act a woman's part. If you are not brave, they will not let you stay—be quiet for your father's sake."

Emily hid her face against his shoulder and sobbed.

"Poor little girl," he said tenderly.

"Drive faster," Emily whispered.

He knew that they would reach the hospital before the ambulance, but he touched the horse, and still holding her cold hand, they sped on through the lights and shadows of a city ruled by a traffic.

CHAPTER X.

"IN LIFE AND IN DEATH AND IN ALL THE GREAT HEREAFTER."

The first shot had taken the desired effect. The bullet having passed through the left arm had entered the side and penetrated vital parts. When the unconscious man was raised to the stretcher a low gurgling rattle told of the deadly havoc the bullet had wrought.

So it was that, for a second time, Theodore Wayne came to his senses in a hospital.

His first vision, as he drifted back to consciousness, was that of a fair face close by. From this face he turned to the nurse appealingly, and with great effort spoke. His voice was weak and faltering and the nurse bent low to catch his words.

"Am I dead or alive?"

"You are alive."

"Alive," he repeated as if mystified. "Alive, I thought I saw—"

The attendant waited but he did not finish the sentence.

"Your daughter is here. She has been with you all the time."

"All the time?" and he still spoke as if the sight had been a vision. Then he turned his head slowly and with apparent difficulty toward the girl.

This was the moment for which Emily had longed. Earlier in the night, after Lieutenant Winter had told her of her father, she had pictured to herself, over and over, the moment of their meeting. In her feverish anticipation she had even felt his arms around her and the pressure of his lips against hers; now the moment had come. One of his arms lay helpless done up in many bandages and the other was almost as useless with weakness. Even she could not throw her arms around his neck, for in his extremity it seemed that one rude touch might tip the balance that his life swung in.

As his eyes met hers, she bent over the pillow and resting her cheek against his, whispered the one word that he longed to hear, "Father!"

Theodore Wayne covered her face with his hand and for a time nothing was heard save the irregular labored breathing of the suffering man.

When Emily raised herself they were alone.

Her father looked at her with a long loving look.

"You are like her—like your mother. Will they let you stay with me?"

"Who?" and for the first time it occurred to the girl that someone might object to her staying with her father.

"I don't know," he said wearily, "whoever has kept you from me all these years."

A feeling of resentment toward her grandfather rose in Emily's mind, but she only pressed her lips to her father's forehead and whispered: "Until you are well again."

"Until the end," he corrected.

"But you will not die, father."

"There is no death. There is this natural life, the shaded passage-way, and then, beyond, the rest—the light—eternal life. I feel the bands loosening. I am swinging out toward the open."

Emily gazed at her father in wonderment. It was as if he spoke of moving from one room or from one country to another, and in his tranquil face there appeared no trace of that terror that the thought of death had always inspired in the girl.

Her eyes flooded with the tears that she had bravely tried to hold back, and resting her head against the bedside she sobbed.

Her father spread his hand over her hair caressingly.

"If you will only live," she moaned.

"There is no death," he again repeated. "'This is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life.'"

He dropped his hand from her head and in a moment took her hand in his and pressed it.

"Until the end," he said slowly.

Towards morning he dropped into a broken sleep and Emily went into an adjoining room to rest a little while. Before daylight she awoke suddenly, having seen once more in her dream the sad faced man, and like a tempest the tragic events of the past night surged into her mind, and finding more rest out of the question she returned to her father.

From time to time he talked of places and people of which she knew nothing, and once a shadow of fear hung over his face for an instant, but lifted as he murmured, "Able to deliver thee."

During the forenoon of the first day, he requested Emily to bring his little Bible and a letter from his pocket.

This letter was the one he had found in the mirror the night of his return to the empty house, the last words the young wife had ever penned.

After telling Emily something of the circumstances, he asked her to read the letter aloud.

She unfolded the worn paper with a trembling hand and read slowly, stopping from time to time to steady her voice as she neared the end:

"Forever and forever—in life and death and all the great hereafter, I am yours, only yours,

"Good night,

"EMILY."

It was very still in the little room. Presently, as if to himself Emily's father repeated the words, "Good night, good night! The night has been these eighteen years but the morning is at hand."

Again Emily looked in wonderment at her father. She would not have granted that she was a heathen, yet she did not know that the sting of death is sin.

He closed his eyes and rested, then reached out his hand for the letter.

"Tomorrow it will be yours," and a faint smile lit his face as he pressed the worn paper between his fingers.

At intervals through the day, between frequent resting spells, Emily learned many things from her father.

He told her of the day, so long ago, when he had kissed her in the park. He spoke of the many letters written to which he had never received a reply, and was surprised to find that she had never seen them.

"They were lost perhaps, but you are with me now to stay until the end—no, not the end, the fresh beginning."

Emily choked back the lump in her throat that made speech for the time impossible. When she did speak a trace of bitterness marked her voice.

"But why has God set his mark of displeasure on you?"

"You are looking at the scar. It is uncomely but the thing that caused it caused a deeper, darker one to mark my soul. Nature has healed the one and God's grace the other. I bear in my body the marks of the conflict—not of my Father's displeasure."

"But why—O why has this come to us?" and Emily spoke as she had when first told of Percy's crime. She seemed possessed with an inborn notion that she was a pet among God's creatures.

"God knows no 'us.' My child, we are but atoms of the great mass of misery and woe that darkens a Christian country. Why is it so? Because this Christian nation traffics in damnation."

Emily hardly understood, and her father told her the story of his life, with its hope and despair, its loving and longing and its great salvation. Long before he had finished Emily knew that she was the daughter of one who had once been a hopeless drunkard, and she thought that she understood why on one occasion Lieutenant Winter had spoken so strangely concerning hereditary traits.

In the course of his broken conversation, he spoke of temptation, made fashionable, and put in the way of young people by ignorant men and women. Perhaps he was thinking of his mother, but Emily fitted

the words to her elegant, cut-glass punch bowl, and the distressing thought came to her for the first time that perhaps she was in a measure responsible for Percy's downfall.

Only once did he seem sad while running over past events, and that was in speaking of his position in the church.

"They fast and pray and, so do I, but in the stillness of the closet I hear a voice forever saying: 'The fast that I have chosen is to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke.' It is hard to be misunderstood, but we shall know each other better by and by. God bless the church."

Throughout the day and the greater part of the night, Emily sat by her father, for her presence seemed to satisfy him.

The second day passed much as the first, but toward its end Emily noticed that the nurse seemed more watchful, and when the doctor came she followed him into the hall, where she learned that her father was failing.

Now Emily, like many another person, believed brandy to be a first-class tonic, and on learning of her father's failing strength requested permission to give him some.

At first this request was ignored by the physician, but when she insisted he turned to her an astonished face and spoke rather sternly:

"My dear young woman, do you want to see your father die a raving maniac?"

Emily was somewhat taken back and did not understand in the least why he spoke as he did.

"Your father is a reformed man. Give him brandy? Never!"

Emily felt the hot blood rush to her face and to add to her embarrassment she saw that Lieutenant Winter had just ascended the stairs and she was sure by the expression on his face that he had overheard the conversation.

Early in the evening her father fell into a fitful sleep, but first he made Emily kneel by his side, and with his hand upon her head gave her into the care and keeping of the loving Father.

From time to time he moaned slightly and occasionally he spoke, sometimes incoherently and again quite plainly.

"Yours for all eternity," he whispered once and a smile flickered across his pale face. Often it was a fragment of a scripture text or a bit of gospel song and running through it all, like the links of a chain, were the words, "Forever—and forever."

Until midnight, Emily sat scarcely daring to

move; then, as there seemed to be no change, she went out to rest for a short time.

She had dropped asleep, but it seemed to her that she had been there but a moment when she was awakened by the nurse.

She asked no question, but returning to her father, found that he was still sleeping the sleep of a sufferer and she noticed that from time to time he moved his bandaged arm without seeming to notice any pain. She also noticed that a troublesome cough had come upon him which, with persistent regularity, jarred his body and started the hollow gurgling.

Taking her low seat, she took his hand in hers and found it hot.

"Is my father worse?" Emily whispered, going to the side of the nurse.

"Unfavorable symptoms have developed.

As morning neared, he grew still more restless, pressing his chest convulsively with his hands, and when the morning light finally streamed into the room, the two watchers saw that an ashy tinge had stolen into his face and that unnatural lines marked the corners of his mouth.

When the physician came he called Emily to one side.

"Your father is failing rapidly. If there is any one you wish to send for, send without delay."

Emily first thought of her grandfather, but for some undefined reason he was of all people the one she least desired to have with her. Then her heart longed for Percy, but not even death could open his bars. Lieutenant Winter she knew would come and it was for him that she sent.

Now that she knew the worst, the girl nerved herself for a trial of which she knew nothing and, borne up by excitement, took her place quietly by the white bed.

Still the sufferer talked in broken snatches, and quite often violent paroxysms of pain passed over him which even in his weakness he seemed trying to control.

"Do you know me?" Emily questioned softly, bending low.

He opened his eyes and after gazing blankly a minute found her face.

He made a motion with his lips as if to kiss her and she bent her face to his.

Then his eyes closed, and he went back to his moaning.

They thought it was the last, but a little later he said a single word and that was "Sing"

"What, father?"

The few around the bedside listened intently, for they thought he had drifted beyond the pale of understanding or of speech.

He made several weak attempts, the words dying half formed and the low gurgle coming nearer; then he faltered, "Abide With Me."

Emily began the hymn, but her voice suddenly refused her, as if paralyzed, and she covered her face with her hands.

Then someone took up the words and she knew that Lieutenant Winter had come.

Abide with me, fast falls the even tide,
The darkness deepens—Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay on all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

During the singing, those around the bedside watched the gentle ebbing of man's frail mortality.

The pain waves that had been rolling like surges died into ripples and quieted.

The distressing gurgling hushed, and the voice of the song softened to a reverent whispering.

Just as the last breath was fluttering over his lips, the dying man suddenly reached forth his hand and partly raising his head, called: "Emily."

The girl at his side rose instantly and took his damp, outstretched hand. He held it for an instant, but he did not see her face.

Following the direction in which he seemed to look, Emily discerned nothing but the iron bedstead and, beyond, the wall.

As his head dropped back all trace of pain left him.

Righteousness and peace had met, mercy and truth had kissed each other, and the print was on the still face.

Theodore Wayne was, as men speak, dead.

Emily stood dazed for a moment, then she threw her arms around his neck and cried again and again, "My father, you are not dead! My father, you are not dead!"

The nurse tried to get her away, then the doctor, but it was Lieutenant Winter who finally quieted her.

Later, when her grandfather came, he found her dry eyed and more spirited than he had expected she would be.

Her one request was that her father should be buried beside her mother, under the shadow of the angel's wings.

Colonel Travik had expected this and was not prepared to deny the petition, yet he secretly wished

that it could have been different; for he hated this kind of notoriety, and the case had already created widespread excitement.

Until the funeral the body lay in state in the church that had refused him entrance three days before.

He was a martyr now, and the church makes much of martyrs.

CHAPTER XI.

"MURDER YOU CALL IT?"

Over the top of a simmering pot there float well-formed bubbles, but as the under heat grows more intense, suddenly there springs from the depths of the mixture one rude and savage bubble that bursts all bounds.

At its appearance the well-formed bubbles scatter to the sides of the pot, where they huddle and cling until the agony is over; then they slip back to their accustomed places as if nothing had happened.

The social and political pot likewise has its bubbles. They give to the aggregation a moral and Christian flavor, and it is not until some violent upheaval of corruption that they hold up their hands in holy horror and ejaculate.

These bubbles too, like soup bubbles, after it is all over silently assume their respective positions.

After the campaign heat had become intense enough to boil from the hidden depths a Pinlegs and his crime, there was in the particular city in which the affair took place a grand scurry of moral and Christian bubbles; and no one person was more

to the front in the scurry than was Colonel Travik.

He suddenly forgot the long years of strained relations between him and his daughter's husband, due entirely to himself, and spoke warmly of him. He condemned the criminal, denounced ring politics, but he stayed in the pot.

It was the second day after the tragedy that Colonel Travik was summoned to the jail.

The fall term of court was near at hand, and he had his hands full of legal business; besides his mind was ill at rest concerning Percy.

This case, long deferred, was to have a hearing. The postponement had resulted as hoped for. The public had lost interest in it, but public opinion is like a piece of India rubber, and the tragedy enacted by the dwarf had suddenly stretched it tense again. This sudden straining meant no good for Percy's cause.

Wondering who it might be that had summoned him, Colonel Travik went to the jail and was somewhat surprised to find who had sent for him.

As he entered the cell designated, a shaggy red head turned stiffly on a wiry neck and every hair on this head stood out in keen appreciation of his visit. The man attached to this head was chewing vigorously and only stopped long enough to bid the eminent counsel a friendly "good morning."

Colonel Travik, much as he was surprised, stood before a devoted member of his political club. True he had never engaged in conversation with him before, but this had not been necessary. Intuitively perhaps, he had recognized his importance.

"Well sir," he said in a voice calculated to impress the uncouth creature with the chasm that lay between them.

The dwarf did not seem to be impressed that there was a chasm. He chewed rapidly a few seconds, spit and said:

"Well, long's we've bin a fightin' in the same box and I'm in a hole, I thought I'd git you to git me out."

"Do you mean, sir, that you want me to undertake your defense?" and the Colonel's surprise was evident.

Pinlegs spit on the floor and nodded his bristling head.

Colonel Travik stood aghast: "You are a murderer! Your hands are red with the blood of a fellow creature!", he said impressively.

Pinlegs raised his two hands and contemplated them seriously. They were a combination of different shades, the black tipped fingers spreading into prominence like filthy claws, but no blood stains were visible.

"Murder?" the dwarf said through a mouth full to overflowing of tobacco juice, "Murder you call it?"

"The man can not survive. It is premeditated, cold-blooded murder," replied the lawyer.

The red dwarf still held his spread hands before him. After the colonel had delivered himself of his expostulation, the murdered began counting off his fingers naming them as he proceeded.

"This is Mister Jimmit; this is Mister Snoyer; this is Mister Bunn"—and he halted at his middle finger for an explanation.

"They had the jams and I knew they'd hav'em. They shuffled off, and I knew they would. I let 'em go—fact is, I giv'em a farewell push. They was no more good to me—none. That's three—murders do you call 'em?"

Then he went on coolly counting murders and deaths that had taken place the direct outcome of his occupation. One child beaten to death; one woman stabbed; one baby died of neglect; one old man of starvation, each time turning down a finger, until but one remained.

This he viewed something as a cat does a mouse. After again emptying his mouth he continued.

"This is the gal with the sharp tongue. I helped her out fer her sass. Didn't mean to do no more

than shut off her wind fer the time bein', but she didn't come to. No matter—let it go. The prints wasn't deep. They said she died—and she died—she died”—and he slowly turned down his last finger.

For a moment the human machine of which these fingers made a part contemplated them calmly, then he dropped them carelessly at his side and bore down on his cud with renewed energy.

Colonel Travik had discovered something new in the line of humanity and the gravity of his find overcame him to the extent of holding him speechless for a time.

Pinlegs noticed this and looked pleased.

“And you call it murder, do you?” he questioned, breaking the spell.

“Black, cold-blooded murder,” was the reply.

“That's what you call it with your mouth, but when you name it at the ballot box tain't that. My paper reads ‘of good moral character.’ That's me. I've got the paper.”

“I disclaim any part in the transaction.”

“To be sure you disclaim. That's proper. A man in your position should always disclaim. Our trade will suffer if you don't disclaim; but we're a system just the same. Your end is shiny like to gold, and it's hitched under the parson's desk. My end

needs scraping and smells sort of rank and it's fast to a beer barrel. Betwixt your end and mine the thing twists and winds a heap, but it sticks together and when one end is bothered the other end suffers. We're a system."

Colonel Travik looked upon the dwarf with a gaze of mingled wonder, disgust and wrath.

"You mean to ask me to defend YOU?"

"Why not?" and Pinlegs fixed his octopus eyes upon the bland face of the finished attorney.

"I have yet my first murderer to defend."

"Call it murder, do you? I only put the finishing touches on what some better looking man begins. Don't be two fellars now. Tain't business. Be your prayin' self on Sunday and cuss us out; that's all that saves our necks; it's necessary that you should; but I want dealin's now with the state chairman of the central committee. I'm the gizzard," and the dwarf chuckled.

"I'm a gizzard. Do I look like one? Well, I'm a gizzard. I stay down in the insides of the critter and do the grindin'. You're the head and neck and top-knot and crowin' apparatus. You gather up the corn and pray; and we and some others make a political fowl and the same feathers covers us all. I'm the gizzard. You can't run the critter without me, but this gizzard is shelved for repairs. Help me out."

"I will not. You are a MURDERER!"

"And hev bin fer some time—if you call it murder."

"Thank heaven, there is a judgment day!"

The red-headed dwarf ground his tobacco rapidly, filling his mouth with juice. Casting his eye upward he saw a spider making its way down a thread close by. A look of amusement lit his face as it neared the floor, and when it touched he spat upon it with full force.

"The judgment!" he repeated, after having emptied his mouth. "The judgment!" and he watched the spider wriggle in the noxious pool.

Colonel Travik, drawn by the man's close gaze, looked also, and together they watched the spider as if its fate had a meaning.

For a moment it struggled valiantly, then it toppled over and finally, twisting its legs into a knot, expired.

"The judgment!" the dwarf repeated for a third time. Then he laughed, as if much amused, and emptying a full mouth over the dead insect said, with a grin, "Here's to your judgment!"

Then he faced Colonel Travik and said good naturedly: "Say, feller comrade, in this fight we've bin a makin', if you don't help me out, I may not see you agin until the judgment. Tell me, which

man are you goin' to be on that great and fearful day? I'll know you if your settin' as state chairman, but if you're a posin' as the deacon maybe I'll git mixed."

Colonel Travik scorned to answer this remark, and gathering himself stiffly, turned toward the door.

Pinlegs watched him with the same look that he had bestowed upon the spider as it struggled in its death.

"You pintly refuse then?"

"I refuse."

"So much gained fer some other fellar. You see, state chairman, I belong soul and body to a concern that wiggles all over when one part gits hurt, even down to the gizzard. Hit its tail in Arkansaw and it'll spit in New York. Pinch its fore parts on the Atlantic and it'll kick in California; and its stuffed with long green and gold. Will I be hanged? No. Will I serve out my days working in the chain gang fer my bread and tobacco? No. Will I git a sentence? Yes; justice must be done, you know," and again he chuckled. "Will my time be cut off short? Yes. Why? Because the next man that wants to be governor will not be a fool. I belong to an organization. The President, peace be to him, sees fit to stand by it; the church, peace be

to it, stands by the President; the people, peace be to them, stand by the church. United we stand, divided we bust all to bits. Now, what gits me is that you can't stand by a feller comrade in a fight, but I've never bin two men at once. That makes the difference."

Colonel Travik, who had grown exasperated to the last degree at the uncouth familiarity of the murderer, abruptly left the cell, almost before the last words were spoken, but as he went down the corridor he heard the phrase repeating in his ear, "that makes the difference."

After the funeral of her father, Emily returned to her home, but all seemed changed. The gay life in which she had lived a few months before seemed like a dream and the happy discovery and tragic parting with her father were like a dream within a dream.

Something had come between her and her grandfather also, and she felt that no lapse of years could entirely remedy the wrong he had done her.

The near approach of Percy's trial hung like a heavy cloud over her life, and many times she thought of what her father had said regarding fashionable temptations and their fearful consequences. She felt that if Percy were meted out a stern punishment, she would be to blame because of the

punch bowl. She it was who had first drank with Percy that day, and many times she had insisted that there could be no harm in the temperate use of wine.

Regarding Lieutenant Winter, Emily hardly dared think at all. That he was her friend she knew. That he loved her she believed, but in the revelation that had recently been made to her she had discovered that she had been born the child of a drunkard, and the words that Lieutenant Winter had spoken concerning the children of drunkards rose in her mind as a check when she would have dreamed of things that might come, bringing happiness into her life.

The day set for a hearing of Percy's case followed closely the day of Theodore Wayne's funeral. At first it seemed to Emily that it would not be possible for her to go, but her conscience hurt her and when she thought a second time of poor Percy, whom she dearly loved, alone, she determined for his sake to face the trying ordeal bravely.

The young soldier had not regained his usual robust health after his fever, and as the summer days stretched out, lonesome and monotonous, his self-assurance left him and he realized what it meant to be caught in the toils of the law, even though the law be defective and illy administered.

With the eager impatience of a child he awaited his trial, turning over in his mind the thought that he had not intended to kill his victim, and believing that the jury would find a verdict accordingly.

With her grandfather Emily sat in the crowded court house and waited the entrance of the prisoner.

When at last he entered, she was struck with pity at sight of him.

He was so unlike the old Percy, his face was thin and pale, and his step had lost a degree of firmness, while the bold glance of his blue eye had given place to a look half pleading and half resentment.

Emily listened to the sickening details of the murder, but half realizing that it was their Percy whose name was thus being dragged through the slime. Questions and cross-questions, untangling bits of legal knots, and the adjusting of legal opinions jangled in her mind as the case proceeded. Some of this she understood, and again she was lost in the rapid cross firing of the prosecution, but she gathered from her grandfather's face that all was not going well.

When it had ended and the jury had gone out, the girl sat with her face turned toward the door, listening to the pounding of her own heart and scarcely daring to breathe.

She had not long to wait. The twelve men filed slowly back and the foreman handed the judge a slip of paper.

Emily heard the words that he read, but they spun in her head and all she knew was that Percy, sunny-faced, light-hearted Percy would be sentenced to the state penitentiary for many years.

A deathlike hush followed this reading, which was suddenly broken by a man's sob, and Percy dropped his white face into his white hands and wept like a baby.

Emily grew cold and clutched her chair for support, but she did not cry nor faint. For a moment she stared rigidly at the bowed head of Percy and then at the judge. Then she covered her face with her handkerchief to hide the sight, but while many another wept she did not. Her tears had all been shed or were frozen, and she sat trembling, strangely numb and cold, for it seemed that sentence had been pronounced upon her. Verily the poor girl had learned by the price of a man's honor and liberty that destinies have turned on punch bowls. The one thought that pressed her painfully was that if, on that fateful night, she had not served strong drinks his crime might not have happened. She felt condemned and wondered if Percy would rise up in the judgment against her.

Now, a second time, Colonel Travik saw his son pass before him, moving at a Christian country's grave demand.

This time there was no fresh blue uniform. The uniform is for the man yet to be tempted by a government's infamy—the felon's garb for the man who has been tempted and has fallen.

This time there was no flying Stars and Stripes; this noble emblem is only for those who shout in health or fall before a bullet, not for those who fall into the trap laid by a nation for its brave defenders.

This time there was no tramp of many feet, no band of ringing music. To the empty echo of his own hollow footfalls which broke the stillness, Percy Travik, only son of Colonel Travik, church pillar and state chairman, left the scene of his trial, and thus, in this age, is justice ground out.

As she left the court house, Emily caught a glimpse of Lieutenant Winter, but she did not speak to him.

She felt herself to be a criminal; she did not want his pity nor his sympathy. She knew that he had been disappointed in her and displeased. At this she did not wonder, for she despised herself, and her load of bitterness was almost greater than she could bear.

CHAPTER XII.

"NO MAN CAN SERVE TWO MASTERS."

Lieutenant Winter was heartsick over Percy's sentence, not that it was unexpected, nor that he would have had justice, such as it was, withheld; but he had been the boy's companion so many years, had tried so hard to keep him from his course and had seen him walk so carelessly into the pit protected by a Christian nation, that now it seemed hard indeed to see him go to spend the prime of his life behind prison bars.

But it was even more of Emily than of Percy that he thought.

The girl had bravely stood the shock of her father's death, and Winter had been proud of her. She had dared to sit, a conspicuous figure, in a crowded court room for Percy's sake, and this knowledge gave the young soldier much satisfaction, for while the process seemed indeed a hard one, these trying ordeals were bringing to the front those characteristics of the woman's nature that to him seemed an essential part of a symmetrical character.

But the sight of her white unnatural face as she left the scene of the trial worried him. He knew that to the sorrow of her first great grief the pangs of conscience had been added and he also knew that, in the midst of friends, she must carry the load alone.

He felt sure, however, that he could comfort her more than any other, and the day after the trial he called at the home of Colonel Travik with this happy mission to perform.

With an impatience he had not known before, he waited in the parlor for Emily and he was more than surprised when the servant brought back the announcement that Miss Emily was not well and could not see company.

A second day he tried with the same results.

The third time he called he carried a bouquet of her favorite flowers, but he had no better results than on his previous visits and when, on the fourth occasion, he found the flowers in the hall that he had expected she would keep near her because he had sent them, he was quite perplexed.

"Is Miss Emily sick?" he inquired after the usual excuse had been tendered.

"Nothing serious. She is not feeling well."

"How sick is she?" and thoughts of brain fever and nervous prostration arose before his mind to alarm him.

"She is not really sick, but does not wish to see company."

"But I am not company," he said emphatically, and writing something on a card he again dispatched the servant.

But it was of no use. Emily was determined that of all people, she would not see Lieutenant Winter, because he was of all people the one she most wished to see. The words that he had said at different times regarding drunkards, their children and their children's children, came to her mind continually, and she felt that while he was sorry for her, while he would always be her friend, he too had been separated from her by the cruel fate that had robbed her of so much.

So the days went until several weeks had passed without Lieutenant Winter once having seen her since the day of the trial.

Then one day, in passing a corner where passengers changed cars for a suburban route leading to the cemetery, he caught sight of a slender black robed figure carrying flowers.

There was but one person in the world that looked exactly as this one did, and although he did not see her face he knew her.

Reining his horse a bit he watched from a distance until he saw her board the car, then after

some random driving he turned into the cemetery road.

It was an autumn afternoon. Frosts had turned the leaves golden and red, and they fluttered softly and gathered in the corners of grave fences and between the mounds.

A haze hung over the world, as if summer were adjusting her veil for a stormy season.

As he entered the lonesome spot, the notes of a late bird suddenly broke the stillness for a moment and then hushed as suddenly as it had started.

He soon came to the lot where the marble angel stood guard, and here, in a disconsolate heap against the new bare mound, the woman he sought was resting with her face hidden close to some faded flowers.

A little black wrap lay on the step entering the lot and the fresh flowers were yet at her side.

Without attracting attention Lieutenant Winter drove on.

A second and a third time he passed the same way and still she remained, so far as any signs showed, as lifeless as the marble above her.

A fourth time he came to the place. This time he stopped.

The short afternoon was nearing its end; the grey

sky was lowering, and a chilly wind had sprung up.

He hitched his horse and picking up the wrap went to the still black figure lying over the grave and spoke her name.



THE STILL BLACK FIGURE LYING OVER THE GRAVE.

She did not answer him, and he shook her gently by the shoulder.

"Emily," he said, "you must get up."

The girl did not turn her face, but raising her hand, made a gesture of dismissal.

"Go away; please go away. I will go home presently."

"I will not go away."

Still she did not move.

"Will you come? If you do not I shall take you in my arms and carry you," and he bent and wrapped the cape around her shoulders, holding one hand on each of them waiting her decision.

Emily knew Lieutenant Winter. She slowly arose.

"Haven't we had enough of trouble? You will catch your death of cold."

Emily turned slowly toward him. Her face was without a trace of a tear, and when she spoke there was no tremor in her voice.

"Will you tell me one reason why I should not wish to catch my death of cold—and die? Tell me just one! My father needed me, and God knows how I would have loved him, but he does not need me in the grave. Percy needed me, he needed my counsel and my company and I gave them to him to his own hopeless ruin. I have been false to myself. Why should I not take cold and die?"

He looked at the girl closely for a moment. In the years of his acquaintance with her he had never seen her in such a mood.

There was a rustic seat close by. "Let us talk a minute," he said, leading the way to it. "If you knew that there was one person in the world who really needed you—who would indeed find the thought of living without you simply unbearable, would that be a reason, one reason, why you should not wish to take your death of cold?"

"It would have been once," she said, as bravely as she could, for the tone of his voice more than his words brought suddenly back the helpless longing for him and his love that she had been valiantly living down the past weeks.

"And why not now?" he questioned closely, and Emily knew there was no way to answer this persistent man but to deal frankly with him.

"You have not forgotten what you said about drunkards, their children and their children's children. I am sure you have not. You remember yet, even now, that hereditary inheritances are the most powerful of all forces for good and for evil in the world."

At first the occasion for these remarks did not occur to Winter, but shortly he remembered what he had said and then he understood why she had acted so strangely.

"I remember—you are right. Inherited desires are very powerful. You are the daughter of a martyr. Could there be a grander inheritance?"

Emily set her lips tightly for a moment. Then she looked into his face and said: "No one knows better than you that by birth I am the daughter of a drunkard."

The vision of a man chained to a tree came before the soldier and the wild screams, "Whisky—hell" seemed again to burst from the lips of the man sleeping under the sod close by. But this picture vanished as suddenly as it had come and another took its place.

In this, a pale man with a searching eye and a scarred face stood before a multitude, by word and tone and gesture lifting it to glorious heights sublime, or dipping it in such depths of sorrow that tears fell over cheeks long since grown callous. Again, from the lips of the man sleeping beneath the sod there seemed to come a voice; a calm voice throbbing with a supreme victory and breathing back a benediction even from the verge of the hidden passage-way.

"There is one thing stronger—one thing," he said softly. "Do you know? It is the grace of God."

"The grace of God," Emily repeated, her voice softening. "Yes, it is the grace of God; but tell me

why all these things are? My father knew the grace of God and he lies yonder. Percy is not dead, but is shut away from the world by iron bars instead of clods of earth. Why is all this?"

"Why is it? It is because a Christian nation nourishes a serpent in its bosom and licenses its sting. You are but one of untold millions who have known the pain of its virus."

According to the request of Theodore Wayne, a scripture passage had been cut in the marble beneath his name. Emily's eye sought this as she sat in the gathering gray.

"There shall be no more sorrow . . . neither any pain, for the former things are passed away."

"No more sorrow—neither any pain, for the former things are passed away," and Emily, as she repeated the words, looked out across the solitary spot where mortal dust returns to dust.

"These are the 'former' times," and she lifted her finger toward the sullen sky. "It is without a rift. These are the 'former' times."

"The 'former things are passed away,'" Lieutenant Winter repeated, reverently, as if speaking to himself. Then he turned quickly to Emily, but she arose and going to the graveside began arranging the flowers preparatory to leaving.

Lieutenant Winter followed, and kneeling by her side, handed them to her.

As she placed them he noticed that her hand trembled. For just a moment after the last one had been set she controlled herself, then reaching out her arms for something forever beyond her reach, she dropped them over the grave and cried the old cry, "My father, O my father!"

It was not the sharp cry of pain and terror that had rung out over the throng; now it was a heart-broken moan, voicing the deep distress of another life caught in the torturing grasp of a licensed traffic.

Lieutenant Winter's eyes filled with tears, and through the mist he looked on the sobbing girl.

Then suddenly he threw his arms around her and lifting her up gathered her to his breast.

A fresh breeze stirred the flowers and fanned the ribbons at her neck.

"The daughter of a martyr," he whispered tenderly.

Just as they left the grave a slanting ray of light broke through the dull gray overhead and lit the letters beneath the angel's feet with pale gold.

"See!" he said. "That is for us: 'No more sorrow—for the former things are passed away.' We shall come to the rift together."

For a moment the words glowed in the light, then the brightness slipped away and again the gloom wrapped the sacred spot, but Winter, looking into Emily's eyes, knew the rift had already come, for in them he saw the light.

There are always those who read a story who must count the ruffles on the bride's gown, who must in fact hear the ceremony pronounced or else they fear that somewhere, between the ending of the story and the ceremony, something untoward will transpire.

There are those who are not satisfied with the opinion of a reputable physician as he pronounces death inevitable in the final chapter. They prefer to see the corpse in the coffin and attend the funeral, lest a miracle take place and he survive.

There are some who find no pleasure in leaving a villain alive, lest he repent and become a saint. They choose to have him hung for the sake of certainty.

So in conclusion, for the benefit of these readers, we will say that Lieutenant Winter and Emily Wayne were really married and will, if the divinely appointed way for human happiness is not marred by human blunders, be happy.

Coots, the child purchased by Pinlegs, dive-

keeper and disburser of funds, died in the hospital—the surest and speediest escape from the clutches of a Christian nation's regulated vice.

Old Sal still survives, still haunts dives and begs and screams to the mocking echo of empty beer kegs.

She is to be found in our cities. Here she wanders, ragged, unkempt, barefoot, her thin, grey locks fanning in the night wind, unloved, and unprotected by that Christian nation that takes its blood stained revenue and cries, "DEBAUCH OUR MOTHERS, IF YOU WILL."

Percy is in prison. If any person wishes to become acquainted with Percy let that person make a careful tour of any state penitentiary. Here he will find poor Percy.

Pinlegs is also in prison, and in the same prison with Percy, but the chances are that he will be out years first. He understands this, for be it remembered Pinlegs is a "gizzard"!

The bishop and the Colonel are with us yet, reminding us from time to time of Ephraim of old.

They are men of large mental caliber, profound learning, fine moral sensibilities, men who loath and detest sin and men who have well defined opinions.

These opinions are consistent with their profes-

sions and their learning and are embodied in many resolutions and much preaching.

These opinions are crystallized by a process of going through a ballot box in to a law licensing the liquor traffic, taking it into full partnership, for so much a gallon.

Colonel Travik still weeps bitter tears for the fate of his only son; at the same time he holds his position as state chairman and is working with his might to continue in power the chosen men of a party which allows the process of legal damnation full sway.

The bishop still advises and urges the ministry to "arise as a man" and use their influence against the "ungodly traffic," at the same time giving his entire moral and political support to that man and that party which have done more for the extension and protection of the liquor traffic than has ever before been done.

A Christian nation is being poisoned. The Christian men of this Christian nation gag and squirm pitifully, but they swallow the dose.

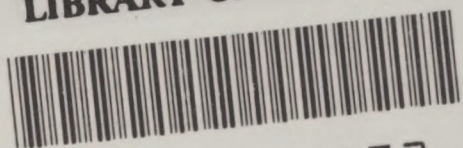
Why do they gag and squirm—and swallow the dose? Because they are trying to serve two masters.

"No man can serve two masters", whether he be President or serf; whether he be saint or sinner;

"no man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other." On the fine distinction of the "holding" and the "despising" the destiny of the Republic hangs.

THE END.

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